LEGACY
OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

Raccoon Painting by Barbara Malin

History Of The Morongo Basin
and Surrounding Communities
VOLUME 6 $15.00

J.L. Woodring, D.V.M.

Legacy of the Past and Present

History of the Morongo Basin and Surrounding Communities
Volume 6

By Joan Wilson

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We Have Come a Long Way from the Past

This, the sixth in a series of histories of the Morongo Basin, finds the area much changed from three years ago when Joan Wilson put together her last book.

It's likely to be many years before some other enthusiastic Hi-Desert dweller begins to chronicle the 1990s. However, this look at the history of the many communities which dot the Morongo Basin wouldn't be complete without at least a brief mention of events in this decade that follow the last five decades of settling, growth and development.

The author now has two cities within her beloved Hi-Desert, with the incorportation of the Town of Yucca Valley in November 1991. Cooperation has reigned with that new city and Twentynine Palms sharing a traffic officer, and as of this writing, considering a joint project to reduce the trash being landfilled in the area as required by law.

Though not taken over as part of the Town, the Yucca Valley Fire Protection District continues to serve the community as well as outlying areas.

The discount giant, Wal-Mart, is now firmly entrenched in the Town of Yucca Valley while its arch rival, Kmart, sits above Twentynine Palms Highway in a much larger and modern facility. It was not without some pain that the two retailers came to stand almost across the highway from one another.

Perhaps the Basin's proudest moment in recent history, and perhaps ever, was the community spirit which burst from residents and business owners after a magnitude 7.6 earthquake struck on June 28, 1992.

Following the pioneering spirit of earlier residents chronicled in the following pages, neighbors reached out to help neighbors and strangers reached out to help those in need. Food, water and supplies poured into emergency shelters. Tents were pitched, and in some cases for months, residents slept outdoors as tens of thousands of aftershocks, ranging from the mild to the wild rolled, rocked and shocked the Basin. Undaunted, residents went back to work, fixed up their homes, took out low interest government loans and mostly got on with their lives.

And now we turn to the more distant past, as once again, Joan lets early residents and their progeny share their memories and photos for all to enjoy for the rest of time.

It's unlikely the author will do a Book 7. She has worked hard on these books the last 10 years. She has said this is her last. But, alas, we recall hearing that during the production of Book 5 as well.

We all know what happened long ago a little better thanks to Joan Wilson's dedication to a little piece of desert we know as the Morongo Basin. And for that we are truly grateful.

SUSAN CHANEY

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The Whitewater Story

by Vera McPherson Stocker

I, Vera McPherson Stocker, am not a historian in any sense of the word, and I beg indulgence from those who are, for they will find flaws in what I put down in this, that is only being written for my children, my grandchildren, and who knows — perhaps, even some unborn great grandchildren may just possibly like to read of this very old ranch that has its place in history, for this is not just an ordinary piece of ground but a landmark of some importance in Southern California. The action of the County of Riverside and the State of California, in designating it a point of historical interest, and of having it so marked, confirms that.

The Whitewater Ranch has been a part of my life in the long years that the James Willis Stocker family have been owners in it. I have been bookkeeper, custodian of its records, well-acquainted with, and often personal good friends with those who worked or lived on it, trouble-shooter for it on occasion, and even battler for it whenever its welfare or prestige seemed to be in danger. And always I had been a most avid reader and listener of facts or word-of-mouth stories about its colorful history.

To put down some of this and to tell of the poeple and the happenings in the hundred and twenty years of the life of the Whitewater Ranch is a pleasant task that I have undertaken for the benefit of those of my family who will follow me.

The ranch is located in the San Gorgonio Pass, gateway through the San Jacinto Mountains from the Colorado Desert to one of the fast growing areas of Southern California. Very little was known of this pass previous to 1848, even the origin of its name is uncertain, but of the few who passed through there — legendary Spaniards, roving fur trappers, reckless adventurers, none stayed. It was a wild appearing, forbidding kind of place, very populous with Indians of different tribes. There was no good reason for anyone to wish to enter it from the west, and the few travelers who came from the East had found the entrance to it too well-protected by the terrors of the long, waterless stretches of heat and sand westward from the Colorado River crossing at Yuma.

Unquestionably, the first white men to claim ownership of any ground in San Gorgonio Pass were one Pauline, or Paulino Weaver, a Tennessean who had become a Naturalized Mexican citizen, and Julian (Isaac) Williams, son-in-law of Antonio Maria Lugo, famous as one of the earliest landowners in the present Redlands - San Bernardino area.

HELEN G. LEWIS

Dr. Isaac and Emily Smith

They brought civilization to the San Gorgonio Pass.

In 1845 these two had petitioned the governor of Mexico for a grant of what was later known as the San Gorgonio Rancho, which comprised the whole Pass area. Exactly when it was granted, just how (if divided between them) the exact boundaries, or what they actually acquired is unknown, but it was customary for the Mexican governors to grant to favored ones chunks of California, seven leagues in length, width, or both. A league is approximately three miles. Weaver and Lugo, undoubtedly, were favorites.

Weaver, born about 1800, is thought to have come West with Kit Carson, stopping long enough in what is now Prescott, Arizona, to be counted as the first white man to make his home there. A plaque is there so honoring him. But early in 1853, we know he was nicely settled in his rancheria near the summit of San Gorgonio Pass. Living with Indians, he had been cutting timber there. Now he was ill, and the stage was set for an important happening; that was the timely arrival of the second white man. This man had come by Spanish trail over the Cajon. He had come to stay. It was Dr. Isaac Smith, heading a California-bound Mormon wagon train (although he was not of that faith) he, complete with bag and baggage, a wife and seven children. A lucky day for Weaver, Smith, the San Gorgonio Pass, California in general, for here was a substantial family of pioneers who were to make their mark for years to come in the development of this part of the interior of California.

It was lucky for Weaver, for his rancheria became the temporary home of the Smith family. And with the able doctor's skill and nursing, Weaver, the adventurer, regained his health. Dr. Smith, too, must have had the adventurer's spirit, because only he and his family arrived in the Pass. We can only assume that the Mormons who accompanied him joined their own friends and kinfolk in the San Bernardino Rancho, but Smith continued eastward, at least another day's journey, to the head of the pass.

Paulino Weaver, of the restless feet, again in fine fettle, was of a mind to move on. His good friends, the Smiths, were ready to settle down where it looked good to them. That was here. They stayed. Weaver turned up later in the mines of Arizona when gold was discovered there.

A very fragile piece of paper is the treasured possession of Mrs. Marian Gilman Hunt of Banning whose grandmother was one of the daughters of Isaac and Emily Smith. This paper is the original of the deed whereby Paulino Weaver sold to Isaac Smith a certain piece of ground described thusly, "from the line of San Bernardino North three leagues, then Southeast along the foothills to a certain branch (which must have been the Whitewater Canyon), then South to the hills between San Jacinto and San Gorgonio and West to the point of beginning." The price was $1,000. It comprised about a third of the entire San Gorgonio Pass, roughly considered as from present Beaumont to Palm Springs.

Dr. Isaac Smith was born in Dexter, Maine, in 1806, and studied medicine in Augusta, now the Capitol. His wife had contracted consumption in that austere climate, so they left here, but in Pittsburgh she died. With his two small children he headed west. He then turned up at Fort Madison, Iowa, where he served as Army surgeon for almost seven years. Here he had married again, had another child, a daughter, but lost this wife, also. Again he married, this time to Emily Lavinia Wright Merriam, who already had a daughter, Emmiline. When the Smith family arrived in California there were seven children — Frank, nine years old, Will, seven, Ida, five, Martha, three, and Carl, one, besides the two half-sisters, Jane and Emmiline. Oliver (Ollie), whose name appears frequently in the ranch history, was the first male white child to be born in the Pass. And in 1856, Emily, the first girl, arrived. Mary Smith and Caroline came next, but Caroline died at an early age. Ten Smith children grew up in the Pass.

Smith, born and reared in the extreme northeast corner of the United States, had by degrees and in seven years made his way to the far southwestern, raw and untried corner of this young nation. (We were then less than a hundred years old.) For his family it was an entirely new and strange environment where they were destined to spend most of their lives. Dr. Smith died here in 1878. But these people were made of the stuff that built the United States of America. Even Emily Lavinia Smith, an eastern woman, has handled many horses and oxen behind her husband who headed the wagon train into California, drove a light wagon down the steep and winding ordeal of the Cajon Pass in 1853, with her two "leastest ones" bedded down in the back. And in January, 1859, she submitted a petition declaring her intention to become a "sole trader" and later was listed as the owner of a very large flock of sheep.

Referring to Mrs. Isaac Smith as "Emily," sometimes in my written words as well as even in

my thinking, is because I have come to know her and to admire this pioneer woman. This from having read of her and hearing of her from many sources, but principally from having had the privilege of seeing and reading from her diaries that she kept while living on the Whitewater Ranch. Being able to do this was a favor granted me by Marian Hunt, who now has turned these precious diaries over to the Huntington Library in Pasadena.

I am much impressed, as well as touched by the similarity of this pioneer woman's problems and concerns, her joys and her woes, to today's family women. The doings of her family, her children — good and bad, problems with her hired help, money troubles — and also her desire to keep up appearances. She tells of wanting to have "the carriage" put in shape again but it would cost $53.00, an enormous sum in those days.

Her neighbors in California fashioned their utensils of clay and made good use of rocks for preparation of their food, were adept with bows and arrows to get it, and the lasso. And all these tribes had warclubs ready for use, on occasion. The Serranos believed that the human race, born in the North, had been led by a white eagle to San Gorgonio Mountain, and their ancestors had been demi-gods who had almost exterminated each other in a series of wars. All but one of these braves had been slain, but he married two sisters and from this came the invincible Serrano tribe. These, along with the more numerous "desert" and "mountain" Cahuillas, and the various Morongo Indians were the associates and only neighbors of the Smith family for some time.

None were particularly war-like, and lived together in the same general area in relative peace. All were accomplished hunters. Game abounded, even grizzlies, although these were more numerous in the mountains. Big Bear Lake was so named on a certain occasion when Don Benito Wilson took a group of hunters with him, twenty-two in all, on a bear hunt. Eleven grizzlies in one day was their catch — by lasso. Don Benito, with satisfaction, eating by his campfire, looked at the spread of water (probably what we now call Baldwin Lake) and named the place Big Bear Lake. And always — and for always, we, the Stockers love and cherish beautiful Big Bear Valley.

The Pass Indians did not always eat meat. Staples were mesquite beans, acorns, stalks of cactus and their flowers, which they boiled or roasted, pine and juniper nuts, native dates, chia, which they ground with rocks into flour, berries from the manzanita and elder, and wild plums. They lived in thatched shelters often plastered with mud or clay, and built "sweat houses" for cleanliness.

For some time the doctor's family were the only whites in the San Gorgonio Pass. Their neighbors were Indians, some fifteen hundred Cahuillas, pronounced like Kah-we-as, and a lesser number of the Serranos. Weaver had been in favor with the Indians, likely this was helpful to his successors. Only once or twice in my extensive reading have I come across mention of any serious trouble involving the Smiths other than losing cattle at times with certain renegades. It was quite different in the San Bernardino Area where there were serious and frequent confrontations between the white settlers and the natives. By the time the Smiths arrived things had quieted down considerably but, in the period between 1845 and 1852, violence and fighting between whites and reds was a way of life.

One dramatic occurrence took place near Agua Caliente, now known as Palm Springs. (Who knows, it could easily have been on what is now the Whitewater Ranch, for where else "near Agua Caliente," or "Warm Water," was there water and cottonwood shelters for the men and horses involved in this four-day Old West drama?)

This is how it was.

An American, Benjamin D. Wilson, a resident and landowner in Jurupa (now Riverside area) had been appointed Alcalde, or Justice of the Peace, for the San Bernardino Judicial District. He was an experienced Indian fighter and negotiator as well, having already conducted at least three expeditions against red troublemakers, at the request of Governor Pio Pico. Among members of both sides he was often affectionately called "Don Benito." This time he was sent east through San Gorgonio Pass to Cahuilla Country where he hoped to capture two renegade Indians from San Gabriel who had taken up residence among the Cahuillas and were persuading many of the young braves of that tribe to go with them on raids on the white ranchos in and around San Bernardino. Near Agua Caliente, Wilson met with the Cahuilla chief, Cabezon, and about twenty of his own warriors, and took them prisoners.

The chief remonstrated against this campaign in his territory, insisting that he had always been friendly and well behaved toward the whites. But Wilson assured him that, if possible, he would avoid doing him or any of his people harm, but that he had only two courses to pursue. One was to proceed until he found the renegades and those Cahuillas helping them, or if Cabezon would send out some of his white men to bring the misdoers dead or alive, to Wilson's camp. Cabezon finally agreed to send his own brother, Adam, and twelve good men on the undertaking, promising that within two days and two nights they would bring the malefactors to Wilson, provided he remained where he was. Chief Cabezon, himself, and six or seven others would remain as hostages. Benito Wilson released the men Cabezon designated and gave them back their arms.

Late the following night the Chieftain called Wilson (the two camps were close together), and told him to put his ear to the ground, saying that he could hear men approcaching. Wilson did so, and after a time he, too, heard a rumbling that grew steadily clearer. Within an hour they could hear voices. The men were singing, an indication that they had been successful in their errand. Don Benito then ordered thirty of his men to ride out to meet the party and make sure they were friendly.

They returned, reporting everything appeared satisfactory, but Wilson took no chances and put his entire company under arms while they waited. The party of Indians, which had increased to forty or fifty, came to within some four hundred yards of the camp and then halted while Adam and another Indian advanced carrying the heads of the two wanted men. They cast them on the ground at Wilson's feet, with signs and expressions of satisfaction, and Adam proudly showed an arrow in his thigh that he had received in the encounter attending the capture.

Don Benito Wilson rewarded them by giving them all his spare rations, a considerable gift, since he had provisioned in expectation of a long and arduous campaign — and returned to Jurupa, to be shortly off to the Mojave River area where new trouble had again developed.

Much later, in the Memoirs of James Marshall Bilman, who had become the son-in-law of Isaac and Emily Smith, he tells of old, old Cabezon, father of the then Chief Cabezon, being a frequent visitor at the Smith's Whitewater residence, coming to eat at noon, then sitting around dozing until supper time. He described him as "a very tall, strongly-built man, who carried his very large head with ease and dignity." The name Cabezon means "Big Head." Son, Juan Antonio, was more war-like, although he was hired at times to supply men and protection for the white rancheros from certain renegades. His nickname was "Yampooche" — "Quick Mad."

Another incident involving red men and white occurred on the Mojave River, where a band of Indians from the San Gabriel Mission had established themselves, making trouble for the settlers. Wilson had been sent to disperse them. But riding near the head of his company he had been taken by surprise and received an arrow wound in his shoulder. Almost at once, he knew it had been a poisoned arrow. His life was saved by the prompt "know how" of another Indian, Lorenzo Truillo by name, who was a member of Wilson's own party. He had accompanied Wilson from New Mexico some years before.

Now in 1853 when landowner Smith got around to riding over his vast domain and he came to that place at its northeast corner where there

is "that certain branch" from which comes the water that forever greens the fields, makes tall the trees, and where to the listening ear there is always the trickle of water, it must have looked good to this Easterner who not only was a home seeker in this wild and woolly West, but something of a business man as well. Always he seemed to have looked upon it with a favored eye, and held onto it through all the vicissitudes of his long life. What happened to the rest of the vast acres of ground that he had acquired by deed from Weaver, for $1,000, we do not know. Some of his descendants have stated the title to the property, even to the Whitewater, was never clear. The papers, supposedly proving his rights, en route to Washington by Pony Express, never reached there. But he did live and die on this natural oasis, a spot of eternal greenness in a predominantly brown landscape, where there is always water and grass, and trees that offer shelter from sun and wind. A good place for a man to raise cattle and horses - children - to breed sons who in turn would take over, a piece of natural ranch land seemingly always guarded by the majestic pillar of Mt. San Jacinto.

A later owner who came along, long after the Smiths, a man nearing the end of life, and spending his winters, by choice, in the adobe there, once made this statement, "When I get up in the morning and open the door of the adobe, and say 'Hello' to that old mountain there, that nearly always has a clean white cap on its head - always there, never changing - well, I sorta' forget all those pesky things I call my troubles, and I get all quiet and peaceful inside, just like that there old mountain." (Will Talmadge)

At least some of the Smiths must have felt that way, too, else why did they build so that all of their door opened to face that sentinel peak, and why did they stay there so long? Isaac Smith died in the house there, May 17, 1878, at the age of 72. Wounded by a shot from an unknown assailant, he lay for many weeks, tended by his wife Emily, but he finally succumbed. Perhaps, at a certain sundown, from his bedside beside a window facing south, he looked with regret for the last time upon the Sentinel Peak.

Nobody named it the Whitewater Ranch. I think it named itself. What else? The Blanco - (White) River is mentioned in an early Spaniard's diary. He tells of it being fed from the snows on the high mountain above (San Gorgonio Peak) and how fine, white sand is carried in the water as it tumbles over the smoothly-rounded stones. And, when found there on the very edge of the desert it was Godsend for weary travelers and their beasts of burden.

It is a portion of this same water that is used on the ranch and has belonged to it ever since January 1, 1850; a riparian right of specified amount was granted to it on that date. It was a right appurtenant to the land, and a right it still has. For a hundred and twenty years the White River has been faithful to its trust; there is always water there for its fields and stock and the people who tend them.

Just when it became one of the two Smith headquarters, or homes, we do not know, but we do know that in 1860, Frank, the oldest son had "taken over," and that from then on was considered owner, although if birth records are correct he was only sixteen years old. Like all cattlemen the Smiths had their problems, here it was horse thieves as well as beef and veal thieves, rattlesnakes, herds of wild antelope and grizzlies, although Frank Smith was a notable bear hunter. Occasionally there were floods, one of these followed a six weeks period of rain in the Pass when the ground was said to be "so soft that it would bog down a saddle blanket." In 1935 four inches of rain was said to have fallen in forty-five minutes at the head of Whitewater Canyon.

But barbed wire, fence post, cattle guards, and gates were unknown. And cattle brands, if any, were of little use since 100 acres per head of cattle was the usual allotment. If there were any real roundups they must have been strenuous for the participants.

Lots of things happened in and around this haven on the edge of the desert. It is an easy guess that all of the adobes for humans were under or near the numerous cottonwood trees. I wish we knew more of the first house built there. The present structure, of considerable age, appears to have been built on the foundations of an earlier one. The smaller structure which we always referred to as "the adobe" was built in the 1860's, replacing a still earlier one in a field a little to the east. Both served as stage stops in the period between 1860 and 1885.

The Smith place was a natural place for whites to gather as well as friendly Indians.

There were birthings there, and deaths, both natural and violent, and family gatherings, and parties, and at least one wedding.

James Marshall Gilman, a personable young man, newcomer, had acquired for himself a piece of land some distance away, but still within riding distance to the Whitewater. His horse came to know the way very well. In 1871, he and Martha Smith were married. They were the grandparents of the present Gilmans. Fortunately there is a picture of this fine-looking couple, the property of Mrs. Marian Gilman Hunt. Also she has a faded, but still legible print, date unknown, but taken in front of the earlier adobe at Whitewater. It shows a family gathering, an assortment of Smiths and Gilmans in the group, only one of which can be positively identified as Baby Martha, grandmother of Marian, being held by Emily, wife of Isaac. Dr. Smith was a civic-minded man who took an active part in matters affecting the growth and development of the San Gorgonio Pass, in San Bernardino County which had been organized in 1853, as well as in affairs of the state of California. He was elected Assemblyman, succeeding Jefferson Hunt. Frequently he assisted in providing surety for various official bonds. During his term of office he introduced a bill to appropriate funds to drill wells on the desert in an effort to promote growth of transportation routes eastward (more on this later).

In September 1857, a public meeting was held in San Bernardino in an effort to get a road through from San Bernardino to the Colorado River. The supervisors appointed Dr. Smith and two others to make this survey. Young Frank Smith went along. $60 was paid to each for their services. The result of this was known as "Smith's Survey" and was seemingly the route used later for the Bradshaw Stageline.

At that time the line separating San Diego County and San Bernardino County ran through what is now Banning. But apparently it was not well defined. At one time the Whitewater Ranch was the polling place for certain San Bernardino voters, although it never was a part of San Bernardino County. And in the mid-seventies, a murder was committed in a small settlement southeast of what is now Cabazon.

The murderer was tried in San Bernardino, the County seat, but at the last minute it was discovered that the scene of the crime was in San Diego County, not San Bernardino. Riverside County was not formed until 1893.

HELEN G. LEWIS

1925 – Snow storm, Gilman Ranch

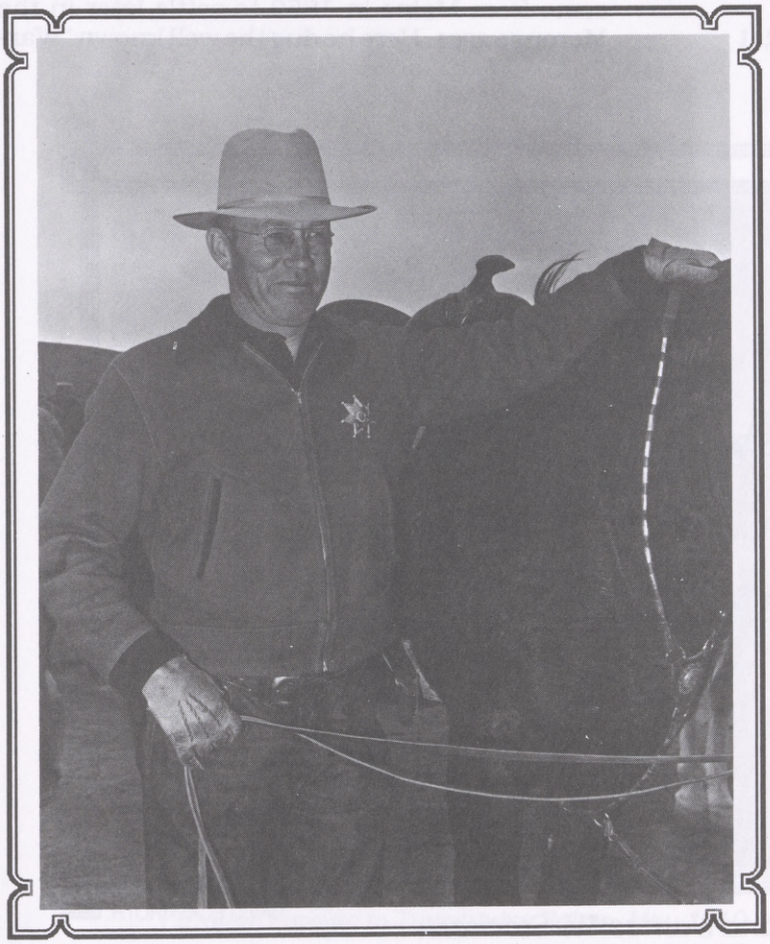
During the years while the San Gorgonio Pass was changing slowly but surely from a little known and somewhat forbidding mountain gap to a prosperous and very interesting area of Southern California, with the fast growing communities of Beaumont, Banning and Palm Springs very much in the news, many stories have been recorded or handed down by word of mouth concerning the people and events that made up its colorful history. Some of these people still live in the Pass, and many of their descendants. We, the Stockers know or have known them well, and we treasure our memories of these fine people.

So now, for some of these stories:

Frank Smith was a renowned bear hunter. He once shot a grizzly at Big Bear while he was still a boy. Skinned and dressed-it is said to have weighed eleven hundred and sixty pounds. But it is also told of him that on a hunting trip with a young Mexican friend they were forced to spend the night in Hathaway Canyon. They hadn't seen a bear all day, but they had seen tracks. After rolling up in a couple of thin blankets on the ground, on second thought they decided to build a sort of makeshift scaffolding in a tree, using branches. During the night, five bears walked under them.

In the little settlement later called Banning, there was a General Store. For some time a row of hat boxes sat gathering dust on a high shelf. In each box was a hat with a bullet hole in it. It seems that a man had been drinking at the bar. A stranger entered and was invited by the man to have a drink on him. The stranger refused. An insult in those days. The other occupants all stepped aside, and the two opened fire. The drinker's drink had been strong, his aim high, and the owner of the store had to interfere by throwing both men out into the street. However, he claimed payment for his damaged hats. Pending months of argument, to no avail, the hats continued to rest unsold in their boxes.

Riverside County was not formed until 1893. Young and untried San Bernardino County decided on a census of its wide environs. One



SHERIFF DICK WILLIAMS

James W. Stocker, elected sheriff of San Bernardino, 1946-1950. Sheriff Stocker was married to Vera McPherson, August 15, 1922. The couple have three children, Sarah Margaret, Helen Vera, and James W. Stocker.

DONNA L. STOCKER

Vera McPherson Stocker

Charles Bigley accepted the job. On May 30, 1890, he started eastward with two ponies and a light covered wagon. Among the sand dunes near Indian Wells the wagon tongue broke. A message sent to Banning brought out a new tongue - after a few days. A few miles farther, near Volcano Springs, a wheel collapsed. Someone did come by and took it to San bernardino where it was repaired and returned by another traveler. Meanwhile Mr. Bigley had been paying a dollar a day for water for his ponies for the Volcan's Springs were skimpy. One other wheel finally gave way, but luckily near Camp Muchacho, not far from Yuma. There, a blacksmith managed to fix it up in three or four days. Bigley took the census all right, returning to San Bernardino, the County Seat July 3, with 600 miles of heat, sand and trouble behind - and 30 names in his census book.

C.O. Barker was a prominent citizen, landowner and cattleman in the Pass. As such, he was water minded. An early issue of the Banning paper pins this story on him:

It had been a hot, very dry summer. The water holes were drying up. Mr. Barker stood outside his ranch house scanning the heavens hoping for signs of rain when an old Indian approached him.

"You wanta rain?" he asked.

"Yes," from Barker.

"I make him rain - you pay?" queried the other.

"Sure - sure!!" from Barker, without giving it another thought.

That night a summer storm blew up, and good wetness poured down on the parched land. A few days later along came the old Indian, straight to the Barker house.

"I make him rain. You pay." he announced.

Barker laughed, but still a man of his word, thoughtfully scratched his head. "How much?" he asked.

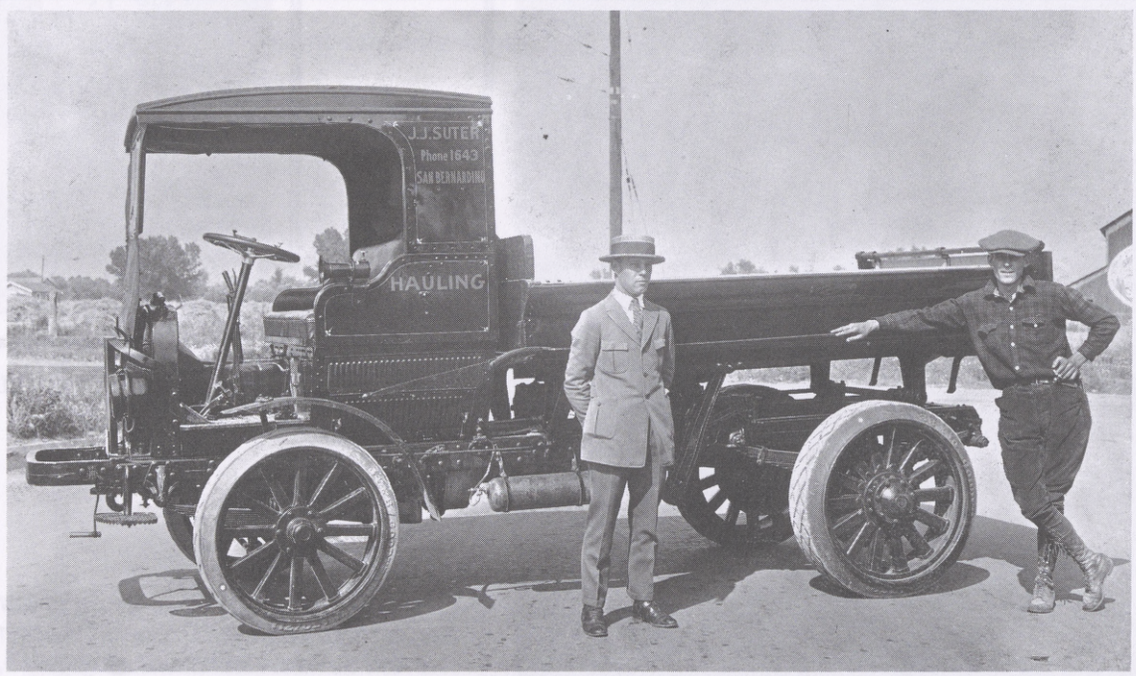
"One dollar and seventy five cents," was the reply.

Traveling in San Timoteo Canyon, Dodd Dwyer, another cattleman, looking for his wide grazing live stock, hungry and tired, came to a cabin, unoccupied, but open, so he walked in. What luck! He was able to cook himself a simple meal, too. As he was about to eat another man appeared at the door, also hungry. So Dywer, always a hospitable soul, rustled a couple more eggs and cut some thick slices off a slab of bacon, but apologized to his guest for the lack of sugar for their coffee. He just couldn't find any. But the other assisted, producing at once a can labeled baking powder, but was full of sugar.

"Sugar!" announced his visitor. "I know because I put it there. This is my cabin."

After a good laugh, Dwyer and Captain Covington sat down to enjoy their meal.

Walter Warren, a loved employee, lived and worked on the Whitewater for many years for the Talmadges, then for Jim Stocker. His father had come from Maine in 1852 to settle later in the Morongo area. Here he dug the well known "War-



A friend and James W. Stocker DAVID ECKENROTH

ren's Well" and built a home there. This property was owned later by Jim Stocker and was desert headquarters for his cattle.

Bud Waite, son of Joe Waite, another pioneer who had been born on the Verde Ranch, (now the Kemper Campbell Ranch) in Victorville, also spent much time on the Whitewater through the years, while working for Stocker.

A story concerns Walter and Bud - and an uninvited guest on the ranch. Walter lived in the adobe, Bud was there, also, on a certain January night. The two had finished supper, and had retired to their two small bedrooms. Walter had with him a week old newspaper and Bud a Western magazine. The wind was working tirelessly with the cottonwoods bending over the corrugated tin roof of the adobe - an aid to the third person in this story.

A sudden blast of frigid air put out Bud's coal oil lamp, and he got up to close the kitchen door. It had been left open by someone who had expertly built up the wood ashes in the cookstove, prepared and eaten a substantial meal of bacon, eggs, bread and coffee, stacked his dishes, and left. They tracked him beyond the barn, then, somewhat sheepishly went back to their warm beds.

There were other wayfarers, too, without benefit of invitation. Three carrier pigeons, complete with official appearing leg bands, set down there for two days, resting and eating voraciously in the young alfalfa, then took off, from where and where bound - forever a mystery.

And then there was a burro who walked into an open gate to spend all of his last years happily there, his bosom friend and constant companion another pensioner, "Hap," a former ranch worker who lived an estimated twenty five years. Once, Hap was seen frantically charging up and down the pasture on his old legs, tossing his mane and whinnying loudly. Frank, resident employee there, watched worriedly, thinking there was something seriously wrong with the old horse. There was - suddenly a movement in the thicket of trees along the water ditch disclosed the burro, and the horse happily joined his lost friend.

Then there was an amusing incident that involved a moving picture company that chose our green fields, complete with fat cattle and horses and a scenic backdrop of snow capped Mt. San Jacinto, as a perfect spot for use in one of their productions. But animals, like people, are curious. While cameras and multiple equipment were being set up, the four legged actors lined up along the fence to see what was going on, and no amount of chasing, yelling accompanied by strongly profane language, could dislodge them

Caravan enroute to Twentynine Palms, May 1910, near the present site of Whitewater.

from their front row orchestra vantage point, and finally, after several wasted and expensive hours, the irate picture company departed.

The people whose lives in connection with the Whitewater Ranch have made its history so interesting have all since passed away, and, regretfully, I know little about what happened to them after they left.

Dr. Isaac Smith died there, was buried in a $40 casket in a spot unknown. Emily Lavinia supposedly went to spend her last years with one of her married daughters. The boys, well, men always have liked to follow the lure of gold when it is around. Frank went to seek it in Alaska, and died there. Ollie, too, so we are told. Carl went to the mines in Arizona, and drowned there. Martha Smith Gilman (Mattie) lived long years in the fine Gilman house in Banning, and died there in her own home, in 1931. Marian Gilman Hunt made her home on the ranch there until recently.

After Ollie Smith left the ranch Dodd Dwyer owned it for a short time, running cattle, then moved his stock to Seven Oaks. Next we hear of owner Bob Garner, Senior, cattleman, who sold it to the three Talmadge brothers, William, John and Frank, in 1918. In 1943, Frank and John sold their interest to James W. Stocker and me, his wife. Will, our much loved friend and partner, stayed in with us until his death in 1945. His widow's grandson, William A. Betterley, then came into Margaret Talmadge's interest in the ranch.

And so down to the present. It still is the Whitewater Ranch. What else? No other name will ever suit it. It still sits there on the desert's edge, but no longer the formidable desert. A constant stream of high powered, air conditioned cars make light of distance and weather, on glass smooth Interstate Highway 10, many of these cars cutting right through the ranch on Highway 111, to exotic and world renowned Palm Springs, the Agua Caliente of other days. To the left lies the oasis like green of the Whitewater. There the wind and the sun are still defeated by the cottonwoods that lean protectingly over the house and the more than a hundred year old adobe structure that was once a Stage Stop. And always, can still be heard the lovely trickle of water that has tumbled eternally over the smoothly rounded stones in the Blanco River.

The Talmadge brothers owned Whitewater property many years ago.

HUSBAND SMITH, ISAAC WILLIAM

Birth 25 APRIL 1806 Place EASTPORT, MAINE

Chr. Place

Death 17 MARCH 1878 Place WHITEWATER RANCH

Burial Place HIGHLAND HOME (BEAUMONT)

Father SMITH, ISAAC Mother (Maiden Name) SALLY -?

1ST Mar. MISS. BARRY Place BANGOR, MAINE

Other Wives (if any) MARY A. TADLOCK LA HARPE, ILLINOIS 7/14/1836

Where was information shown on this family record obtained?

WIFE 3 EMILY LAVINA WRIGHT MERRIAM

Birth 15 APRIL 1812 Place DEARBORN CO. INDIANA

Chr. Place

Death 14 SEPT. 1890 Place BANNING

Burial Place BEAUMONT

Father WRIGHT, PETER BICE Mother (Maiden Name) SHED, ELIZABETH

Other Hus. (if any)

Name and address of person submitting this sheet:

Male or Female	CHILDREN (Give names in full in order of birth)	WHEN BORN Day Mo. Yr.	WHERE BORN Town County	State or Country	DIED Day Mo. Yr.	MARRIED
F	1 EMELINE MERRIAM SMITH	28 OCT 1834	SCOTT OR JERSEY	ILL.	4 AUG 1921	Date To
M	2 FRANCIS MARION (FRANK) SMITH	9 FEB 1845	LA HARPE	ILL	1899	Date To DROWNED IN THE YUKON
M	3 WILLIAM HENRY SMITH	28 FEB 1846	COUNCIL BLUFFS	IA	18 APR 1920	Date To
F	4 IDA ELIZABETH SMITH	7 OCT 1848	" "	"	11 NOV 1933	Date To
F	5 MARTHA BENOIST SMITH	14 APR 1850	" "	"	12 MAY 1931	Date To
M	6 DON CARLOS (CARL) M. SMITH	28 APR 1852	" "	"	18 JAN 1899	Date To DROWNED IN ARIZONA
F	7 EMILY WRIGHT SMITH	17 JAN 1855	SAN GORGONIO	CA	21 NOV 1913	Date To
F	8 MARY LUCY SMITH	11 JUNE 1857	"	"	2 NOV 1927	Date To
M	9 OLIVER MAY SMITH	28 DEC 1859	"	"	SEPT 1930	Date To DIED IN ALASKA
F	10 CARRIE ALICE SMITH	1862	"	"	1864	Date To
	11 OR, PERHAPS, CAROLINE					Date To

tional Genealogical and Historical Data on Reverse Side

HUSBAND GILMAN, JAMES MARSHALL

Birth 9 JUNE 1842 Place MEREDITH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Chr. Place ~~BANNING, CA~~

Death 20 AUG 1916 Place BANNING, CA.

Burial BANNING, CA. Place " "

Father GILMAN, JAMES Mother (Maiden Name) SUSAN MEAD

Mar. 11 JAN. 1871 Place HIGHLAND HOME, CA.

Other Wives (if any) SMITH, MARTHA BENOIST

Where was information shown on the family record obtained?

WIFE SMITH, MARTHA BENOIST

Birth 14 APRIL 1850 Place COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA

Chr. Place

Death 12 MAY 1931 Place HERMOSA BEACH, CA

Burial Place BANNING, CA

Father SMITH, ISAAC WILLIAM Mother (Maiden Name) MERRIAM, EMILY LAVINIA WRIGHT

Other Hus. (if any)

Name and address of person submitting this sheet:

Male or Female	CHILDREN (Give names in full in order of birth)	WHEN BORN Day Mo. Yr.	WHERE BORN Town County	State or Country	DIED Day Mo. Yr.	MARRIED
M	1 MARSHALL FRENCH	12 NOV 1871	BANNING RIVER SIDE	CA	18 JULY 1944	Date 12 AUG 1899 To SARAH E. MORRIS
M	2 HERBERT MEAD	1 MAR 1873	"	"	29 MAR 1939	Date 29 DEC 1907 To MAUD DUNCAN
F	3 CARRIE ALICE	11 APR 1874	"	"	— 1959	Date 17 AUG 1916 To ALEX IVELSON
M	4 JAMES GRANVILLE	22 JULY 1875	"	"	1 AUG 1939	Date 28 APRIL 1898 To JESSIE H. CHASE
M	5 ARTHUR FRANCIS	8 JAN 1879	"	"	— 1957	Date To UNMARRIED
F	6 CLAIRE MABEL	6 DEC 1883	"	"	— 1958	Date To "
M	7 HARRY	11 MAR 1886	"	"	29 AUG 1888	Date To
F	8 ETHEL SUSAN	22 MAY 1891	"	"	24 JAN 1954	Date 2 JAN 1914 To SIDNEY V. MILLINGTON
	9					Date To
	10					Date To
	11					Date To

Genealogical and Historical Data on Reverse Side

HUSBAND LEWIS, DONALD LEWIS

Birth 18 SEPT. 1919 Place LOS ANGELES, CA.

Chr. ..... Place .....

Death ..... Place .....

Burial ..... Place .....

Father LEWIS, WARREN RAY Mother (Maiden Name) RUTH CHIDSEY BATES

Mar. 21 APRIL 1941 Place BANNING, CA

Other Wives (if any) .....

Where was information shown on t family record obtained?

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WIFE HELEN ~~GILMAN~~ MEADE GILMAN

Birth 27 APRIL 1919 Place BANNING, CA.

Chr. ..... Place .....

Death ..... Place .....

Burial ..... Place .....

Father GILMAN, JAMES GRANVILLE Mother (Maiden Name) JESSIE HORTENSE CHASE

Other Hus. (if any) .....

Name and address of person submitt this sheet:

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Male or Female	CHILDREN (Give names in full in order of birth)	WHEN BORN Day	Mo.	Yr.	WHERE BORN Town	County	State or Country	DIED Day	Mo.	Yr.	MARRIED
F	1 MARY ELEANOR LEWIS	29	OCT.	1942	GLENDALE	L.A.	CA				Date ..... To .....
F	2 SUSAN MARIE "	4	NOV	1949	"		"				Date ..... To .....
M	3 BRIAN GILMAN "	19	SEPT.	1951	"		"				Date ..... To .....
	4										Date ..... To .....
	5										Date ..... To .....
	6										Date ..... To .....
	7										Date ..... To .....
	8										Date ..... To .....
	9										Date ..... To .....
	10										Date ..... To .....
	11										Date ..... To .....

Additional Genealogical and Historical Data on Reverse Side

Early History 1837

By HELEN G. LEWIS

Emily Lavina Wright, Martha Menoist's mother, was born April 15, 1819 in Dearborn County, Indiana, before the family moved to Exeter, Illinois. She was the youngest in a family of ten. After the death of her mother in 1835, her sisters told her and an older sister that they must assume the duties of the house. So, they got a cookbook and learned how to use it. Emily must have been a success, because all the daughters who learned from her were noted for their excellence along this line. Emily also learned tailoring.

A short time later, a suitor appeared on the scene. One Royal G. Merriam, highly recommended as a suitable husband by the brothers to their sister now nearing seventeen. The marriage took place March 28, 1837. A daughter, Emeline, was born Oct. 28, 1838. However, it was discovered said Royal G. Merriam already had a wife, so that marriage was dissolved. It was not until 1844 that Emily W. Merriam married William Smith, a man twice a widower with a daughter, Jane. (See copy of license.)

William Smith was the oldest of 13 children. He was born April 25, 1806. As a young man he went to Augusta, Maine to learn to be a doctor. In those days no medical school was available, but young men studied with doctors. While there, William married a Miss Barry by whom he had a daughter, Eliza, and a son, Hynum(?) (no records). His (Dr. Smith's) wife developed tuberculosis, so he began his trek west for her health. She died in Pittsburgh. The next we hear from him he is in Illinois where he is married to Mary A. Taslock in 1836. They had one daughter, Jane, whom Emily raised. On April 6, 1844 William Smith and Emily L. Merriam were married.

It was while William Smith was living in Illinois that he added the name Isaac and became Isaac William Smith.

At about this time he became an army surgeon at Fort Madison, Iowa. In 1851 he received an Honorable Degree of M.D. from a medical school in Keokuk, Iowa. Emily made him a fine suite of white buckskin all fringed and as he walked up to get his degree, all the doctors applauded him. Being 6 feet tall, he must have presented a fine appearance.

The family lived in Council Bluffs from 1846-1852, when they started by covered wagon for California. Isaac was Wagon Captain of the small, well-organized train. They got to Salt Lake. After spending the winter there they went to San Bernardino in the spring of 1859. Stopping in San Bernardino at the Mormon Fort, Isaac, following some stock which had strayed, came upon what is now San Gorgonio Pass. On October 10, 1853, he bought a one third interest in the Rancho San Gorgonio, owned by Pauline Weaver, for $1,000. The family moved into the Weaver house, but in 1854 they went to what is

Cherry Festival Queen, Virginia Johnson, last Saturday performed the official duty of unveiling the plaque honoring Dr. Isaac Smith, founder of the first white settlement in the San Gorgonio Pass. Banning and Beaumont residents along with officials of San Bernardino and Riverside Counties took part in the program at Highland Springs. PHOTO BY McCULLOH

now Highland Springs (or Home) a few miles east and made their home. It became known as the Smith Ranch and was a stopping place for the stages from Los Angeles to Arizona.

The following are from the collection of notes I have and were written, I believe, by Ida Smith whom I remember meeting, probably in 1930, in Prescott, Arizona.

"Grandmother Smith was a stern taskmaster. As soon as the girls were old enough, they took over the cooking and milking. When the stages would come in late they would listen and hope no one would want anything to eat because it meant getting up to fix a meal.

Life was dangerous too in those days. One time a band of Indians (Chemehuevis) clad only in breech cloths and with bows and arrows came to the ranch. Fortunately, there were a number of extra men there at the time so nothing happened.

Grizzly bears were common and once the girls went to take a lunch to some men working on a road up Smith Canyon. On the new road just ahead were huge grizzly tracks. They were scared, but kept on going and delivered the lunch. Another time a big grizzly came and killed a horse they had staked out near the house.

I always though I had asked enough questions, but now that there is no one left to answer, I find I could have some secrets.

My thoughts and memories—

I used to sit by my "Grandma White Hair," as we girls called her (she had snow white hair in her early 20's) and listening to her stories and the Indian chants she knew while she crocheted.

As previously stated, having learned to cook from Great Grandmother Emily, she was a great cook. How well I remembered her butter cakes, ginger cookies and fruit pies!

There is a big regret in my life that I never stayed all night at the Ranch, particularly because it was two stories. When a new baby arrived at our house, the older girls were sent to the Ranch for overnight. Being the last of 6 girls; I never had a chance!

Office of the Clerk of the County Commissioner's Court:
THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS

To any regular minister of the gospel, authorized to marry by the society to which he belongs; any justice of the supreme court, judge, or justice of the peace: GREETING.

These are to license and authorize you to celebrate and certify the MARRIAGE of Mr. William and Mrs. Emily L. Merriam and for so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant.

Given under my hand, and seal of the County Commissioner's Court, at Carthage this 6th day of April A.D. 1844

Geo. W. Thatcher Clerk, C.C.C.H.C.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, SS.
Hancock County I hereby Certify, that I joined in the holy state of Matrimony, Mr. William Smith and Mrs. Emily L. Merriam on the 16th day of April A.D. 1844.

Given under my hand and seal, this 16th day of April A.D. 1844.

Lyman L. Corey (L.S.)
Minister of the Gospel

STATE OF ILLINOIS
Hancock County

I Harry E. Spangler, County Clerk in and for the County of Hancock, in the State of Illinois and the custodian of the Marriage Records of said County, hereby certify the above and foregoing to be a true and correct copy of the Marriage License issued for the Marriage between Mr. Wiliam Smith and Mrs. Emily L. Marriam together with the Certificate of the Person who solemnized such Marriage as appears from the records and files of said County now in my office remaining.

In Testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said County, at my office in Carthage.

Helen Lewis

Granddaughter of Dr. Isaac and Emily Smith

The Morongo Valley Story

by Fred Rigel, Jr.

Morongo Valley started the same way that most of the high desert towns started. Way back when the gold rush of California started, the town of Morongo was the easiest path to the mining areas south of Joshua Tree and east of Twentynine Palms.

The town called Dale, later called Old Dale, was the most popular area, more gold stuff. Morongo Valley had water and the teamsters that drove the wagons knew they needed water for their teams.

Most of the roadways that led to the mines came from railheads where the teamsters could pick up timbers for shoring in the mines.

One thing that always puzzled me was how did the animals go all the way to the top of the hill without rest. Simple, they didn't. The teamster would stop at the bottom of the hill and tie on a drag log that would drag behind the wheels of the wagons. When the driver rested the team he'd ease the wagons back and rest the wagons against the logs. That sure would take a load off the team.

Morongo had what it took to become a town. Water, grass, easy access to more grazing lands.

The surface water that is here, has given Morongo its fame. The fly-way for small migratory birds through the southeast end of Morongo Valley. This watering hole has drawn some unusual birds at times. The Audubon Society made this fact known all over the world.

The most noted is the colorful Vermillion Fly Catcher. There are more birds but he is the most popular. Probably because he is bright red and dances in the air like a hummingbird.

Come visit our park and rest in the cool shade of the large cottonwood trees after you enjoy the Grubstake Days in our sister city of Yucca Valley.

WHAT IS AN INDIKIN?

1974—Kathy Russell will reign over Morongo Valley's "Fiesta 1974." Retiring queen, Traci Edge passed the Golden Feather over to pretty blond Kathy, daughter of Jim & Faye Russell of West Dr. in Morongo Valley. Kathy was judged with the other entrants on personality, poise, hometown spirit, enthusiasm, costume, interviews and the number of Spirit Votes sold. A senior in high school, Kathy is a poet & a nature-lover who hopes to help handicapped children & to be a veterinarian.

INDIKIN PRINCESSES THIS YEAR are: Debbie Blocker, Teena Hille, Dorla Hodges & Wendy Kobaly.

INDIKINS HAVE SPECIAL songs, cheers & tee shirts. Queen Mother, Laurie Geeson is even working on speical I.D.'s for the girls to carry.

INDIKINS HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE in the hearts of their hometowners: they remind us always of our special INDIAN HERITAGE.

"INDIKIN" is a word made from the joining of Indian with the suffix, "kin," meaning little.

THE MORONGO VALLEY INDIKIN was first conceived on paper in April of 1967 as the mascot of the then two-month-old Chamber newspaper, the SMOKE SIGNAL. A chamber contest was held, and in 1968 life was first breathed into the paper INDIKIN when the first INDIKIN Queen, Robin Kobaly was chosen. Since then five more queens have been chosen: Monica Woods, Terri Alyes, Debbie Thomas, Traci Edge & Kathy Russell.

ANY GIRL FROM MORONGO VALLEY may join the INDIKIN Tribe after her 14th birthday, run for queen & participate in all tribal activities such as parades, fund-raisers, & fun events such as trips to Disneyland & Magic Mountain.

ON THE YEARLY CORONATION NIGHT, the queen hopefuls deliver their speeches or interviews, model their own INDIKIN outfits and wait with their breaths-held-tight while the outgoing queen enacts the traditional ceremonial in sign language, then passes the Golden Feather to the new queen that has been selected by out-of-town judges. A shower of gifts for all of the entrants climaxes the evening & the girls are off to a work- & fun-filled year!

THIS YEAR THE INDIKINS ARE SPONSORING THE FIESTA! Digging the barbeque pit, serving the main meal, making posters, painting the totem pole, gathering the prizes, etc.

ACCORDING TO THE CEREMONIAL an Indikin vows to represent the Chamber of Commerce at all public functions, to defend native flora and fauna, & to be an example and an inspiration to all future INDIKINS.

Babs Kobaly

Morongo Valley

by Evelyn Smith

We came to California from Pennsylvania, in July of 1946. We stayed in Long Beach with Bill's aunt until Bill, John Lanning and friends put up a large tent on the ten acres. The tent had a frame made of 2x4 wood. We had a plywood floor covered with linoleum. It was very comfortable in the tent except the noise of the tent against the frame when the wind blew. We lived in the tent with the Lannings all winter. We had one large room and two small bedrooms. Lots of friends from Long Beach would come on weekends, sleep on the floor and outside in sleeping bags.

The men dug the basements for both homes by hand. Hard work — and there were many stones. One stone so large in Lannings' basement, they dug a big hole and rolled it into the deep hole, then poured a cement floor over it.

Our ceiling was wide boards covered with tar paper. Later, it was the kitchen and dinette floor, covered with good flooring. All was fine until it rained and leaked through where the children played and made holes in the tarpaper. Water got onto our bed and boxes until Bill fixed the holes. The children slept in bunk beds. I had a two-burner kerosene stove for cooking, also for heat in winter. It was warm in the basement in winter, but too hot when the sun was on that flat roof in summer — until the upper rooms were built.

We had our basement finished, cement sides and floor, so we helped the Lannings with theirs. No electric or water, we used kerosene lamps. I used a gasoline iron that had a flame that got very hot to hold, but could get some clothes ironed. We hauled water for 5 hours in a tank on a flat trailer.

Electric lines were put in on our road, Lanning Lane, in 1948. Life was much easier then.

There was a hard earthquake in December of 1948, but did no damage, just frightened us and the children.

It was peaceful, except when coyotes would get after our chickens. Then one very windy night a mountain lion got after our two horses. The mare was very badly hurt. Had the veterinarian come, but he couldn't do much. She got well, but had a terrible scar on her chest.

Our nearest neighbors were Al and Clara Livingston at their ranch. Two years later folks began to build homes on our road. We had no road for a long time. We used the telephone line road from Livingston's to our ten acres.

In 1950 we lost our son Ronnie. That was a terrible sad time, but friends and neighbors were so kind.

Our daughter, Sandra, went to school in Morongo, Yucca Valley and Twentynine Palms. She graduated in 1956, and was Queen of Morongo Valley in 1953.

Bill worked at any jobs he could get, very little work here when we first came here. He worked with a stone mason in Banning, did carpenter work, cement floors and dug ditches. Then he worked for So. Cal. Water Co. for 10 years and later for Hacienda Water co. for four years. The first years were hard because paydays were very few — but we survived.

Winter 1949 – *Bill and Ronnie building Fobes Cabin*

Dec. 1975 – *Bill Smith retired from So. Cal. Water Co.*

Earlier Days Past

by Lorena Humphreville

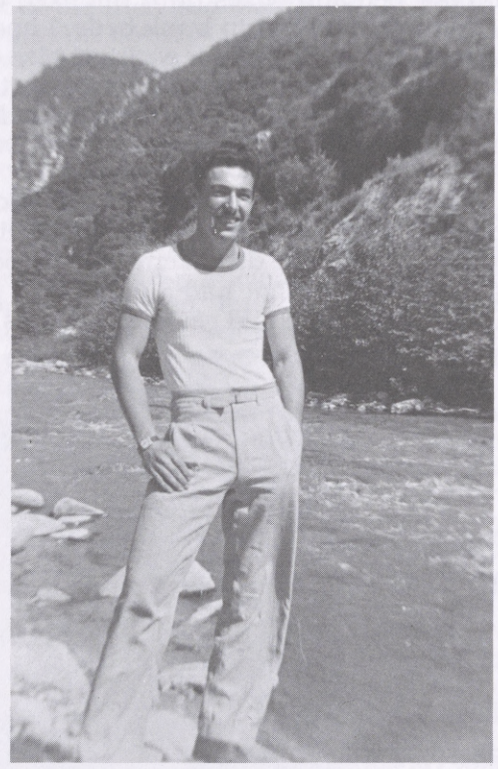
Joan Wilson and I have talked many hours recallin' the occurrences that happened before she came to our desert. So, she has asked me to share some of these happenings. and write them down so others can share them with us. The incidents are not necessarily in the order in which they happened.

Back in the early days our valley was open range, cattle grazing from Whitewater to Big Bear and in between, a time before 'progress' when you knew and trusted your neighbors. We never thought of locking doors, stealing and breaking in were almost unheard of. You could leave your home for a week or more at a time and when you returned; things would be as you left them. If not, a note of explanation, money or a chore was done for you.

Yes, we also had our 'gray' area. It was well known most of the business between Morongo Valley and Twentynine Palms had 'one-arm bandits. It helped businesses and it gave people something to do. It was funny, if any official came into the area the machines mysteriously disappeared. There must have been some kind of warning system, just what I cannot say; perhaps the old crank type telephones that every six or seven miles along the road had something to do with the 'alarm' system.

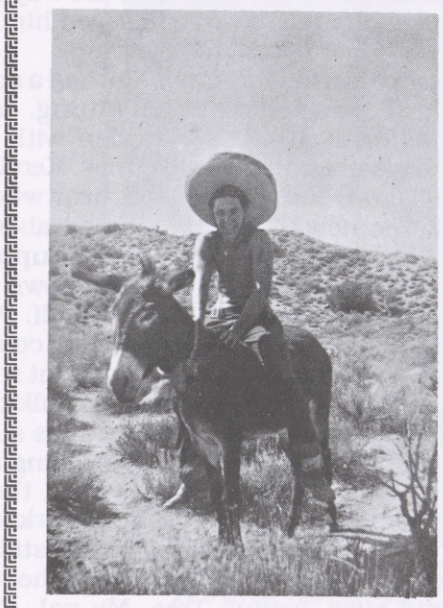
1942 – *Lorena 20 years old*

Sheepherders came through the area, one time that I especially remember. It must have been around 1947, for my husband was home from the war and working for his parents in their beer parlor, a nice little place, a social spot people gathered in and had friendly chats, a place to get together and have a bite to eat after the square dance Saturday night at the old school house---but that is another story---Back to the sheep. The sheep were grazing everywhere, ewes dropping their babies and so many left behind because they could not keep up. Nearly all the families with children had a lamb they had 'adopted,' ours was called 'Fleece.' Kaye loved him, however, our plans were to raise him for meat on the table. Fleece loved his formula of canned milk, Karo syrup and water, all mixed in a



Tommy Humphreville age 22

1937 Za Zee Petts and Tom Humphreville



1938 Tommy H. Riding, a pet

Tommy and Lorena at Orick Beach,

large glass pop bottle with a rubber baby bottle nipple on it. Fleece became a house pet, slept inside by the stove. He followed Kaye around like a dog would, but as time passed he became too big to get in. The time came that we had to carry our original plan for him, needless to say, Tom, My husband, could not do it. We ended up giving him, to a neighbor, Rex Hamilton. He later told us that was the most tender, tastiest lamb he had ever eaten. We never did tell Kaye what happened to Fleece.

We had our 'Risque' period too, a part of the valley history... There was talk of 'Ladies of the Night' doing business in Morongo Valley and Yucca Valley. I can remember being curious about every strange woman I saw. Was she one of them? But to my knowledge, I never saw one. The ladies kept pretty much to themselves and as far as we knew, they entertained only men from Palm Springs. The talk about it stopped and I never did know why until recently; I talked with Kendall Stone. He told me when he was a Deputy Sheriff, a group of them raided the place in Morongo Valley. He also informed me the group were on horse back when they did it. It was good conversation at the time, it gave us something different to talk about.

Tommys' Uncle Ed and Aunt Hilda along with his Grandpa Hardesty moved up from San Diego and bought the grocery store from and Dennis and Bea Lilley. Grandpa was quite the story teller. One story, I especially remember him telling was a 'whopper.' I remember that Grandpa was~~ very elderly when he came to the desert. He told people that when he was a young man there was a lake down by the Victorville Road, now called Old Woman's Spring Road. And, the lake was supposedly located where the airport is now. It was a big lake and he told them he used to fish there and caught the biggest fish you ever saw, and good eatin' too. Of course, the only lake that was ever there was after a downpour

and run-off drained into the low spot and stayed there until it dried up. He enjoyed tellin' that one and many others, but I can only remember this one fully. But the way he told them; so serious, people believed him. What Fun!

Along with all the blarney he had a soft spot too. A young veteran, Ken Witting, came to the valley in 1946, bed ridden with spinal problems and other health woes. Ken lived in a tent down the road apiece, near where the Cornet is now. Grandpa worried about Ken and would see that he got all the supplies he needed, then I would take them down to him for Grandpa time or two myself. We all admired Ken, he had lots of 'guts' coming to the desert alone in his condition, but soon the healing sun and climate had Ken walking with crutches to the store to pick up his supplies himself. Later he graduated to riding a bicycle. He recovered remarkably well, then laid many block walls and masonry work around the valley in the past years. He is still in the valley with his lovely wife Louise, who was the second Miss Joshua Tree. My pal, Corinne King was the first. The old timers really had spunk and never thought "the World owed them a living."

We had no electricity back then, we used kerosene on Aladdin lamps with mantels. Also, I had an old windup Victrola that I would put an old 78(RPM) record on for music. Hardesty's had a generator for electricity and a well for water, they furnished us with water so Tommy helped keeping the well working. He started and stopped it for Ed.

...This reminds me: a man came from the state to 'sound' the well. He and Tommy were talking and he told Tommy they had put dye in the Sierra's(mountains) and had found traces of the dye in our water out of the well. We always believed our water came from the Big Bear area and were surprised to get that information.

Hilda(Hardesty) also had the first Yucca Valley Post Office and was our first Postmaster. The Post Office was in her dining room on a wall that opened into the grocery store - but that story has been told before in a couple of Joan's previous books.

I believe it was the spring of 1945, my daughter Kaye was two years old, Tommy was still overseas. My best pal Corinne King and I decided it would be fun to go on the cattle drive between Yucca and Big Bear. Jim Stocker was running the cattle in his area, the spring 'round up' was about to start. And, if I remember right, and with a little nudging from Kendall Stone to my memory, the drive began at Warren's Well up to Pipes Ranch, Antelope Canyon near Baines Ranch and up to the old Rose Mine then into Big Bear area.

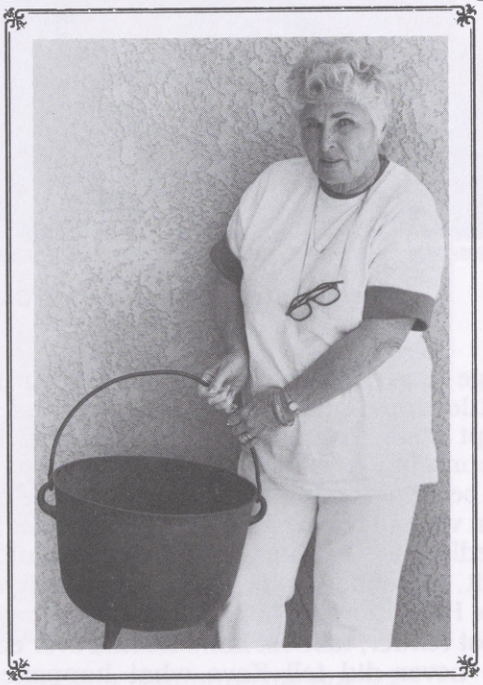
Corinne and I approached "Big" Jim Stocker to ask if we could go along on the drive. Jim was hesitant at first but finally said he we could go providing "we could cook." We agreed, although I had never cooked outdoors for a bunch of men and Corinne could hardly boil water without burning it! Kaye was quite the little outdoor girl so I didn't feel she would be a problem... We bluffed our way and told Jim it would not be a problem. What a Joke!

When you see Western movies, all the glamour and beautiful scenery, singing around the campfire...what a beautiful picture it made..we really had our imagination working overtime, but the one thing for sure, the scenery was beautiful.

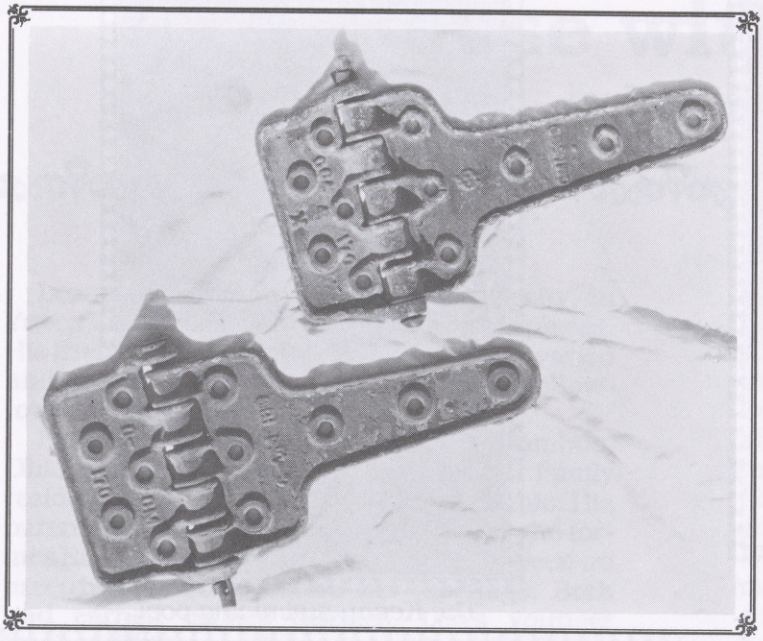
The preparations began. I borrowed my in-law's panel truck, a Coleman stove and we picked up supplies: plenty of coffee, flour, eggs, etc. ...Seems like cowboys run on hot coffee.

The night before the drive began, Jim had us down to Warren's Well for a steak dinner. The Cowboys: Bud Waite, Raleigh, Potsy, Buttons, Jay and I kinda remember an Orville; along with Corinne and me. Kit Richie and her two kids, Morgan and Donna dropped by and Jim asked them to join us. Jim cooked the steaks, Corinne and I sat everywhere but the minute it was announced "food was on," they ran to the table. What a meal, the excitement, plain talk, joking and just good clean fun and plenty of food. The evening ended early so everyone could get a good night's sleep.

Before the sun came up, Corinne, Kaye and I were on our way to set up camp at the first stop, near Pipes Ranch ...the roads were rough but we made it and started setting up



The famous black kettle the stew was cooked in on the cattle roundup



Large hinges from the barn at Warrens Well

Lorena & Corinne

camp. We put on the coffee and had things for the lunch in case of any of the boys made it that far by lunch. That night for supper we opened up cans of beans and added wieners, had bread and butter and hot coffee. One of the stipulations, Jim sat down, was to have plenty of food for the boys. We all ate dinner and sat around the campfire for a short while ...a very short while. It had been a long day and everyone was ready for the 'sack.' Before we knew it, another day was here and time to scramble eggs, make biscuits and hot coffee, before the cowboys were off again. Sometimes we fixed pancakes instead of biscuits, must have been good or, at least, filling for we did not hear any complaints.

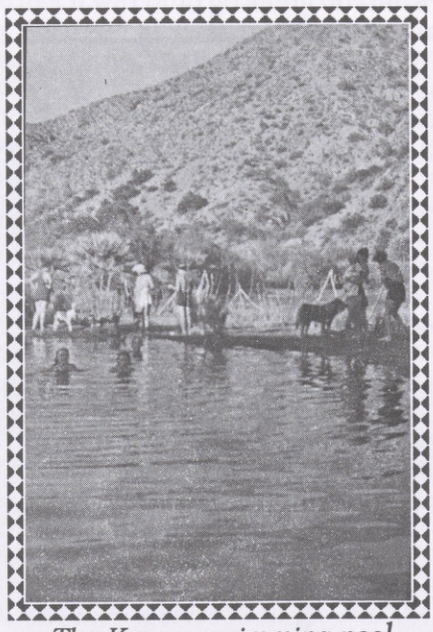
Near the end of the drive, Corinne and I decided we would make a big stew. We had a big iron pot, Jim had us bring. As I remember, we were close to Rose Mine. We built a fire, filled the pot with meat, vegetables, plenty of potatoes and onions, spices and water. Then set it on the campfire and all the rest of the day gathered wood to keep the stew cooking. Even Kaye was doing her bit to help by gathering small pieces of wood and feeling real pleased with herself; bless her heart. By the time dinner was ready we were worn out, dirty and smelling of smoke. The wind had shifted and many times so we had smoke in our eyes, hair and clothing, but we really enjoyed our days labor. And the stew was delicious; instead of biscuits, we made dumplings, yes, dumplings! They were so much easier than biscuits and they were a delightful change or else the boys were so hungry they ate them anyway.

Other evening meals were steaks, fried potatoes, perhaps a can of beans or a salad...always plenty. Our part of the drive came to an end from the Rose Mine. The next stop was Big Bear and Jim's regular cook would take over our job. Corinne reminded me his name was Louie.

We packed everything into the panel truck and started over the road home. Looking back, I don't see how we made it up there and back again. Some places there was no road, just cow paths, up and down washes, around rocks and all that good stuff. But, we were young and never any thoughts that we couldn't do it. Our trip down was filled with laughter and recalling the things that were said and done. It was a time neither of us will ever forget. One thing Corinne said, I won't forget: When the cook Louie sleeps at Warren's Well, he snores so loud that the beams vibrate."

A few weeks later, Tommy was home from the war. Chick Ristine bought the Rose Mine and hired Tommy and Raymond Royal to tear it down. Ristine was going to put a 'crusher' in Little Morongo Canyon and wanted some of the old equipment and wood to use. We tried to salvage some of the old newspapers used to line the walls, but it was impossible as they

Corrine at 18 years old



The Kenny swimming pool

would crumble when you touched them. Never thought to take a camera, we must have had one, but in those days money was scarce so we probable couldn't afford to have the pictures developed anyway. We were sad to see the Rose Mine go.

My in-laws, Tom and Vi Humphreville, owned the only little eating place, fast foods, hamburgers, chili, sandwiches, etc. in town. The Marine Base in Twentynine Palms was a Naval Base back then...their place was a popular stop for the Navy for a cold drink or a bite to eat. The sailors started hanging their hats on the walls with their names on them. They told the folks they would pick up their hats when they returned from their tour of duty. Soon there were wall-to-wall hats. It was quite a thing to have your hat hanging in the Yucca Valley Inn.

Lorena makes the most beautiful Indian dolls, all clothing is done by hand.

***1937-** Sis and Jack's Rock House, during a snow storm.*

A House with a View

by Pat Helm

Leonard J. Malin, owner of Regal Realty, in Yucca Valley, is a man of many parts and places. His friends and colleagues all know of his varied and colorful past, but the newer fellow-townspeople are just learning about it.

He was born on Dec. 31, 1931, in Columbus, Ohio, but during his earliest years the family resided in the suburb of Worthington, Ohio. His parents were Chester Walter Malin and the former Elizabeth Louise Slanina, who had been an executve secretary before her marriage. Both had earned college degrees. Len's younger brother, Philip, was born June 10, 1937. Sadly, one month after the baby's birth, the father abandoned his family. Their mother, who was very dedicated to her sons for the rest of her life, was also determined that they get an education and to become accomplished at what they were drawn to. Therefore, in August 1937, she moved the small family to Los Angeles.

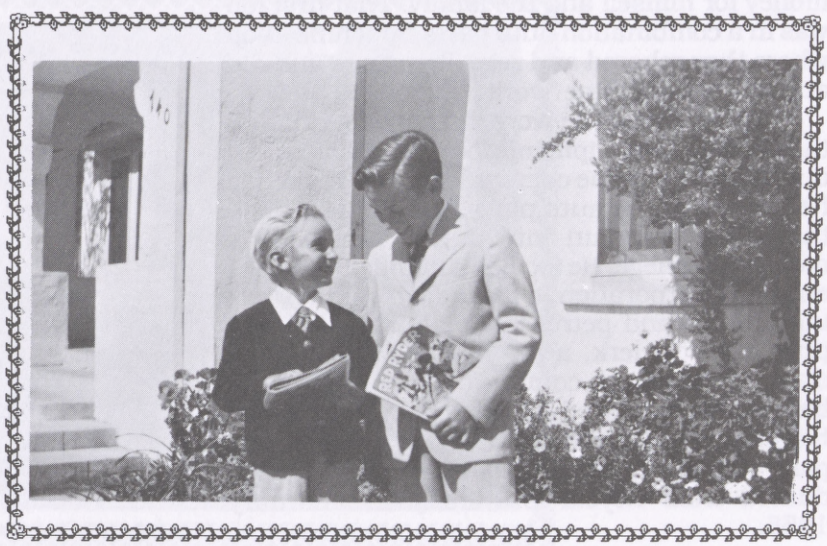
Len was enrolled in St. Gregory's Catholic Elementary School. He also began voice lessons with the very well-known singing teacher, Dr. Vivian Long, who was also associated with the famous Meglin Kiddies dance troupe. Mrs. Malin sought out Bob Mitchell and, in 1939, Len was granted an audition and joined the nationally famous Bob Mitchell's Boys Choir. He attended the choir's special school at St. Brendan's Catholic Church where classes started at 7:30 a.m. Choir practice and rehearsals were held in the afternoons. The boys sang at St. Brendan's Sunday Masses; throughout the downtown area and Los Angeles Civic Center at Christmas time; the weekly KFI Radio program, "Walter White's Nobody's Children"; as well as public concerts and tours.

During the four-and-a-half years Len was a member, Bob Mitchell and the choir appeared in a number of Hollywood movies including "Idaho," with Roy Rogers; "Bells of Rosarita," with the Sons of the Pioneers; "Night and Day," the Cole Porter bio-film, with Cary Grant; and "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," with Betty Grable. In "Going my Way," with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald, Len sang a solo part in Jimmy Van Heusen's Academy Award-winning song, "Swinging on a Star." Len sang the mule's part and insists it was not typecasting, a claim he has proved many times over by his flexibility.

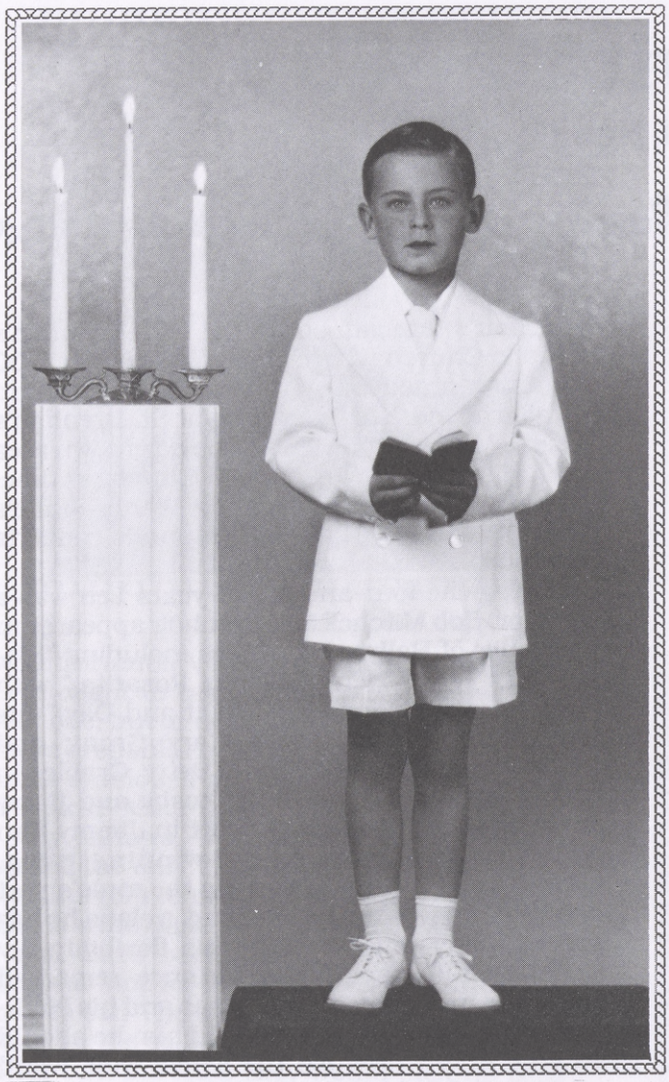
While still a small boy he once remarked about the proximity of Christmas and his birthday, on Dec. 31. His mother told him he should be very proud because the whole wide world celebrated his birthday with him.

Len went to a Catholic high school, the Los Angeles College Junior Seminary. All through high school he planned on entering the priesthood. However, by graduation he had decided he was not destined to become a priest. He won a

Leonard Jay Malin



Philip Leonard Malin



LEN MALIN: FIRST COMMUNION

music scholarship for voice and enrolled at Loyola University, Los Angeles, becoming a member of the University Glee Club. His major was in mechanical engineering.

All through his school life, from the age of 8, he had after-school and Saturday jobs to earn money for himself and the family. That first job was in a combination auto parts/machine shop where they rebored and rebuilt engines and did automotive machine work.

While at Loyola he worked as a machinist at the Edelbrock Equipment Company, which produced racing engine components. On weekends he worked at the auto parts company on a job that helped sustain him during the last six months of college. He took on a night job at Western Gear Corporation, a manufacturer of printing presses and petrol tools. He was the blue print control clerk, a job he especially appreciated because he could study and hand out blue prints as needed. This job, too, helped with his finances. He married the auto parts company owner's daughter, Diane Bishop. Len graduated from Loyola University in February 1955.

His first "adult" job following graduation was at Northrup Aircraft where he worked in the fuel and engines testing department as a mechanical engineer. In 1956 he left Northrup for the Servomechanisms Company, a firm involved in the development and manufacture of analog data and air data computers for military aircraft.

Meanwhile, Diane and Len became proud parents of Judith, May 1955; Donald, June 1956; Mary Ann, February 1959; and Robert, March 1961.

By 1959, Len decided to build his own home — so why not a different type of dream home? He now says he was naive enough to believe he could do it for the estimated price his architect had quoted. That well-known architect, John Lautner, was a protege of Frank Lloyd Wright. Lautner also designed Bob Hope's Palm Springs home at a later date. As he conferred with Len he suggested a radical house design he had been building in his mind for a long time. Len loved the idea and the two put their individual expertises together and completed the design. To be built on a steep Hollywood hillside site above Mulholland Drive and overlooking the San Fernando Valley, it had to be an elevated structure. It was shaped similar to a flying saucer and was held aloft by a really strong reinforced concrete pedestal five feet in diameter, set firmly in a 20-foot wide foundation.

In July 1959, Len swallowed hard and took the total plunge. He quit his job and devoted all his time to building his home. He was joined by John de la Vaux, a construction genius. Len, very aware of expenses, contacted the Chem Seal Corporation. Exhibiting his practical salesmanship, he "sold" Chem Seal on the idea of his home becoming a showcase for the company's products: epoxies and polysulphides. The house, from then on known as the "Chemosphere," was constructed with 28 of Chem Seal's varied products. Southern California Gas Company was also a co-sponsor in the innovative construction. The decorations became a high-

Len, at age 11 with "Free Flight" model, that he built from scratch.

interest-generating assignment for the National Society of Interior Designers. It took 18 months to build. When it was completed the family moved in — but that was only the beginning.

In 1961, the Encyclopedia Britannica published an article on Len's project calling it "the most modern home built that year." News of the unusual house was even published in Russia. It also secured the front cover of the Los Angeles Times Home Magazine, complete with full story and pages of pictures and plans. By now Len was product manager at Chem Seal.

But, in late 1961, a friend and former colleague convinced him he should join the Aerospace Corporation, then engaged as general systems engineering managers for all U.S. Air Force Space Programs. Len worked on the successful Titan III booster which included the integration of 42 satellites and the establishment of their orbital perameters and trajectories. For this job his time was spent traveling between Colorado, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Washington, D.C.; but mostly between California and Florida.

By 1969, however, the "space race" was in demise. Another colleague called him and suggested he enter the field of automated transit systems. So, he became the chief mechanical and systems engineer for the Dashaveyor Division of the Bendix Transportation Systems. They developed the Automated People Mover at Dulles International Airport, outside of Washington, D.C. It was called "Transpo '72," the World Transportation Exhibition.

In 1972 Bendix consolidated its transportation division and moved from Playa del Rey to Ann Arbor, Michigan. Len and his family did not want to leave California, but he did go back for six months to turn over the division to another chief engineer.

Late in 1972 the Malins decided to sell their "Chemosphere" home and move to Yucca Valley where his brother, Phil, and his family had been living since 1962.

To backtrack a bit, in 1948 Len and Phil's mother heard about the Small Tracts Homestead Act administered by the BLM. She and her two sons set out in a 1935 Dodge to investigate the parcels out and around the 29 Palms area. There were no freeways then. After a long trip over surface roads they arrived at the then undulating 29 Palms Highway. In the then much smaller town of 29 Palms they found that the pavement ended at Utah Trail. From there on it was a dusty dirt road. They located the specific piece of property they had been informed about. It was 11 miles east of town at the curve in the road where it joins the San Bernardino Baseline. Mrs. Malin filed on the property, forthwith, no doubt not realizing that this was only the first desert acquisition for her family.

As young boys and teenagers the brothers loved to come out and fire off their self-made rockets into the wilderness for excitement and education.

Phil, who also has a beautiful singing voice, won a scholarship to Mt. Carmel Catholic High School and a Bank of America Achievement Award for music. While still at Mt. Carmel he joined the famous Roger Wagner Chorale and Wagner helped him win a music conducting and voice scholarship at the University of Southern California.

Len, front row, third from left, who sang in the group "Going My Way" with Bing Crosby.

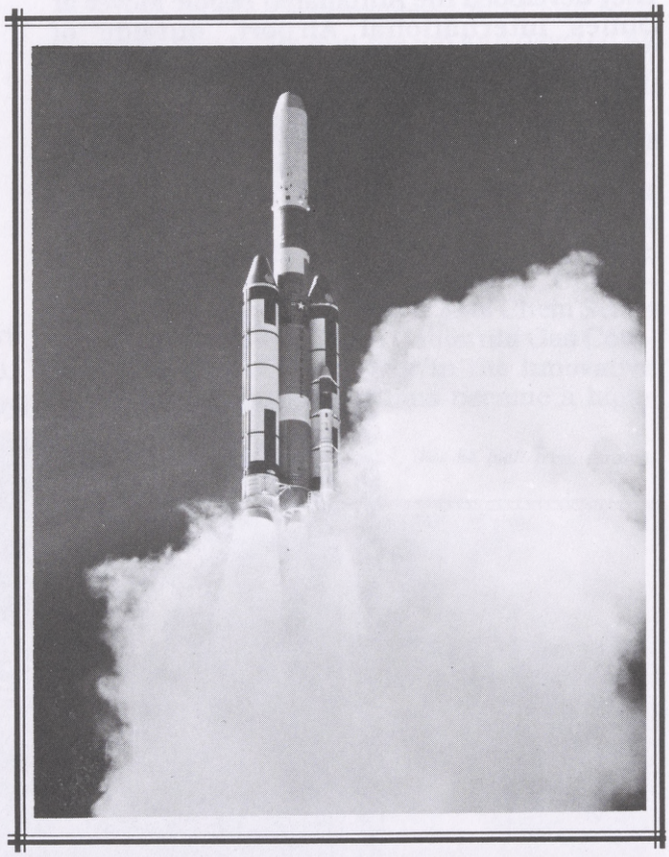
*Chemosphere House with a **view**, overlooking San Fernando Valley*

When Phil, his wife, Kathy, and two sons, David and Mark, moved to Yucca Valley in 1962, they moved into a small cabin where, they now declare, they started a period of the most fun and enjoyment in their lives. Phil started his Malin Steel business just off of Old Woman Springs Road and has been "doing great" ever since. Kathy became a most popular provider of artificial flower arrangements. Starting small, they began an investment program in land in the Morongo Basin.

Len's marriage ended in 1977 when his wife, Diane, and he divorced. She joined her mother in San Jose and has since established a very successful career in insurance sales.

The Hi-Desert Water District appointed Len to its board of directors in 1976. He was a valuable official for the district and was elected for three more terms. Altogether he served tirelessly for over 13 years as a director, board president and director assigned as member of the San Bernardino County Association of Special Districts. There he served two times as president and at that organization was elected to the Local Agency Formation Commission. In addition, as a member of the Association of California Water Agencies he served as a director for three terms. He is currently president of the Yucca Valley Airport District, a continuing director of Special Districts and a member of the San Bernardino County Airport Land Use Commission.

In 1980, Len met and married Barbara, who lived in Yucca Valley and was widely recognized as a fine artist. Most recently she completed a



Titan III-C Launch vehicle with tactical com-SAT payload

highly technical course in computer graphic fine arts. As a prized member she has devoted much work and many hours to the Yucca Valley Art Association and is also very active in church work.

Phil and Kathy are also heavily involved in church and local charitable works. She, too, is very active in the Yucca Valley Soroptimists and is a member of the San Bernardino County Status of Women Commission and the new Town of Yucca Valley Planning Commission. They are always happy when David brings their granddaughter, Sara Ashley, now 16 months old, down from Northern California for a holiday weekend visit.

So, too, are Len and Barbara the happiest when surrounded by his four grown children and grandchildren Torrie, Janie and Chance — not to mention the enjoyment of Barbara's three grown children: twins Kirk and Keith and Dee Ann; and grandchildren Jessica, Wesley, Heather and Nicole. It makes for a happy, boisterous and bulging household when they all get together for family observances.

Each year Len and family would come out for Thanksgiving Day with Phil and family. Len had always thought that the wind blew hard nonstop in the desert. After a number of family get-togethers he realized that while they were in Yucca Valley the wind was not blowing hard. He changed his mind about desert living and made the move.

He continued to do consulting work in the transportation field and, realizing he had to make a career change, he studied and obtained his building contractor's license. As a general contractor, he and Phil built a number of area cabins, the local office complex at DeBotos Plaza and the industrial building next to Yucca Valley Lumber. They also built "spec" homes in various Hi-Desert locations.

Len also studied for and obtained a real estate license as a Realtor and opened his own office, Regal Realty, which also housed the Malin Construction Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard and Barbara Malin.

Living Stream Christian Fellowship

by Bill Hanson

Formed and ready to pour slab

Our beautiful sign built and painted by church volunteers

This article was written in March 1993.

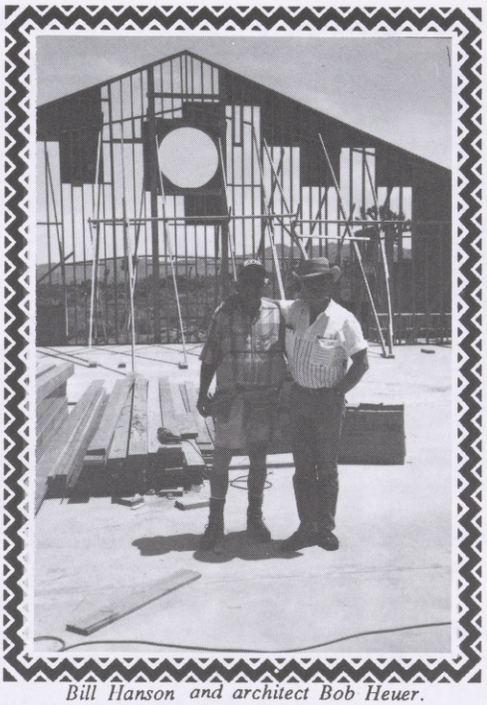
From the very beginning of this fellowship it has flourished and prospered. Trip Kimball and his wife Susan started the fellowship here in Yucca Valley in 1978 with just a few couples in homes, and then as it grew we met in places like the American Legion, the community room at a savings and loan, the Yucca Valley Elementary School, and several other places in the 80s. We purchased the old TV cable building on Bannock Trail in 1981, and held services there until the building was too small. Then on to the auditorium at the Yucca Valley Elementary School for about a year. In 1985 the present location was purchased, which consists of five acres in the Sky Harbor area on Joshua Lane.

The first building, which was phase one of three at this location, was started in 1985. Some of the framing was done when there was snow on the ground. We met here for about two years before starting phase two, a much larger building. This was used this until about six months ago. The first two buildings are now used for offices, nursery, and Sunday school classrooms. There are over 400 children in the Sunday school. A Bible college was also started recently with about 50 students.

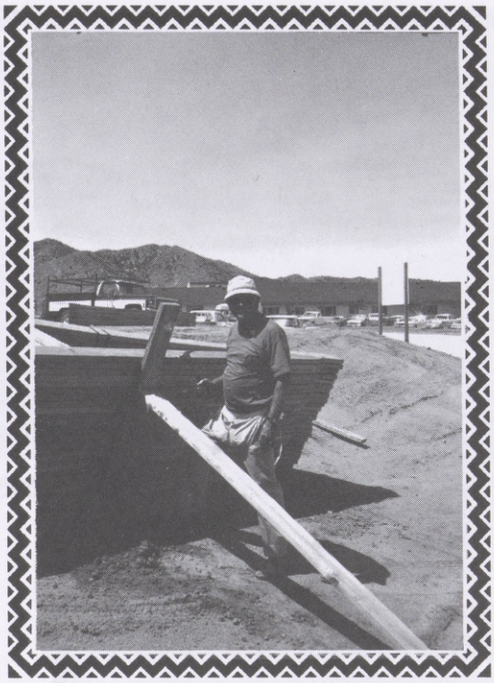
Living Stream has always been an active church and a blessing to attend. We started building the present church, phase three, a little over a year ago, strictly on faith with renderings of a 10,000 square foot church costing about $600,000 and only $2,000 in the building fund. The architect Bob Heuer agreed to draw the plans which could have cost up to $60,000 at no cost to us. Wow!! Another miracle! This was one of many miracles our Lord performed for us, and they are unending and still occurring.

Another miracle was the Sunday our pastor, Jerel Hagerman, gave away all the money we had in our building fund which was $2,000. He announced that every man, woman and child could take a $10 bill and hopefully multiply it in 30 days. People had bake sales, sold things they purchased with the money, etc. In 30 days the $2,000 increased to $11,000, another miracle WOW! Next we had a parking lot sale and auction at the church, and took in about $7,300. In October it was an "October Fest" and auction and another $4,500 came in. WOW!

The project that was the most fun, was the "Kiss the Pig" contest, which ended up being between the two secretaries and the two pastors. This was so much fun and developed into a much published contest with radio coverage, newspaper and word of mouth. The Armstrongs Del Taco here in Yucca Valley offered free drinks for a dollar donation to vote for either contestant. This was the most fun project that has ever been done at our church. It was a riot!



Bill Hanson and architect Bob Heuer.



Bill Hanson holding up all those trusses by himself.

"Some people make the world, more special just by being in it."

Volunteers

We rented the intermediate school multi-purpose room for the Harvest Festival (Halloween) and had a fun evening with games, cake walks, etc. At 8 p.m. the losers would have to kiss "Homer the pig" a pet of course. The way it worked out, it was a tie so all four of them had to kiss Homer! The pig weighs about 135 pounds and was there with squeals, and a couple accidents! This one fun evening netted about $8,500. Wow! Another miracle.

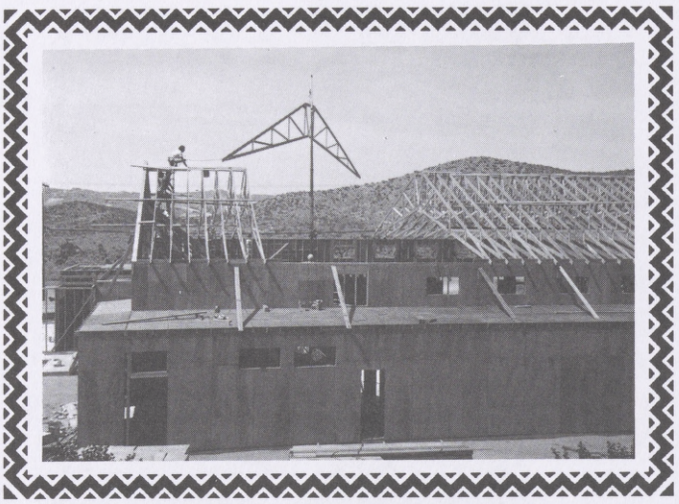
The new church is almost finished and we will be moving back in April 4, 1993, from our temporary quarters in the old Sprouse Reitz building in the Desert Hills shopping center.

We knew we would have to vacate the new church which we occupied most of the summer to be able to finish the interior, drywall, etc. So our pastor just happened to go into the Desert Hills shopping center the day one of the owners was there, who only comes out about every three months. We offered $2,000 per month, which was really more than we could afford, and they said it was not enough. However, they did let us move in and eventually gave it to us almost rent free. Wow! Another big miracle! We were able to stay in one location for about four months. Praise the Lord!

The new church, as I mentioned earlier, is about 10,000 square feet and would have cost approximately $600,000 to have it built. To date we have no loan on the building, and when finished we will have spent about $200,000 and no mortgage!

Tom Logan and Pastor Jerel Hagerman checking the progress.

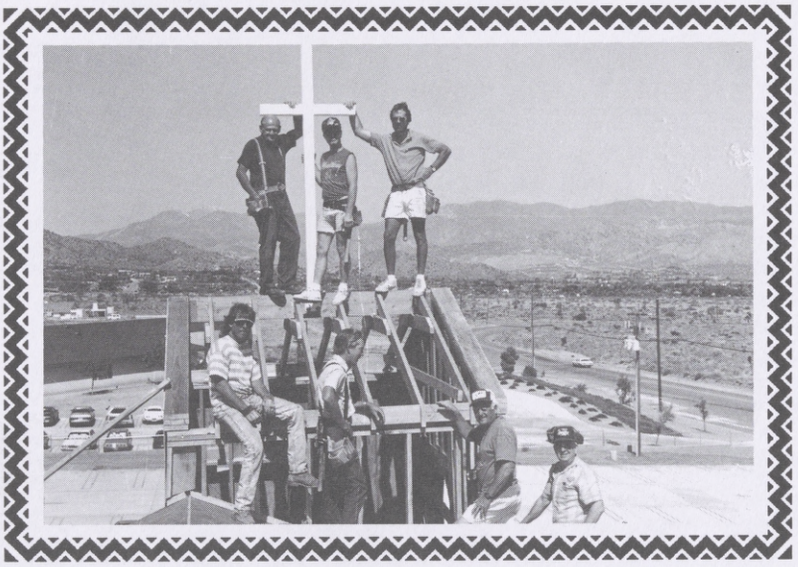
When the decision was made to start building this church, we went into it on faith only with all volunteers except one, the person in charge of construction Rich Rhead. We have also had the services of the MMAPER's (Mobile Missionary Assistance Program). This organization consists of retired couples who own RVs. There are between 400 and 500 couples throughout the United States who go to various churches and stay for three weeks at a time, work four days a week,



Installing the roof trusses.

A section of the tower goes into place.

Rich Rhead "unhooking the crane hook" and Jerry McCollum holding the tower section in place.



Top left to right: Jerry McCollum, Paul Newman, Rich Rhead (superintendent). Lower: Ken Laubmayer, Tom Logan, Bill Hanson and Bruce Baker, 1992.

and about six hours of work a day. There national headquarters is nearby in Calimesa, California.

The church provides a place to stay with water, power, and sewer hookups only. The MMAPER's are all well qualified and do a tremendous job of helping in all construction and other related jobs. They provide their own food etc.

We have had these people four different times. The first time was a couple years ago. Then more recently November, December 1992 and January 1993. The January group consisted of eight couples. The MMAPER's are a tremendous help, and we really appreciate them.

Another miracle was when we ordered 300 white stacking chairs from the Rubbermaid Company in North Carolina. They gave us a good price on their "Allebert" chair which is their commercial grade. There was a delay in shipping them and they were not going to get here in time for our first service in the new building last summer before it was finished. When they realized the chairs would not arrive in time they air freighted them to LAX and then on to Yucca Valley at their expense, all 1,956 pounds. Wow! I wonder what that cost. Rubbermaid is a great company, and they really care!

Of course we went through the 7.5 earthquake in June 1992 with just a few cracks in the slab.

Paul Geissinger and Bill Hanson getting our new "Allibert" chairs ready for the first service in unfinished church.

"Wrapping" the outside of tower and front of church. Debi Wagner (secretary) checking on two of our MMAPER'S.

Rich Rhead, Roger Tacy, Pastor Jerel, and three MMAPER'S working on the "Gazebo".

Superintendent Rich Rhead and Bill Hanson checking the plans for new water main to operate fire sprinklers.

The "MMAPER" ladies work too! Left, Lovina Werbelow, Val Eckenroth and Gladys Alexander painting a Sunday school room.

Church service in old Sprouse Ritz building in Desert Hills Shopping Center.

About four days after the quake we raised our tower with a heavy duty crane. It is over 50 feet high and was built on the ground in three sections. There was a write-up in the Hi-Desert Star stating that we were not only building our church on faith, we also had the faith to raise this tower that weighs between six and 10 tons, a few days after the 7.5 earthquake. Wow!

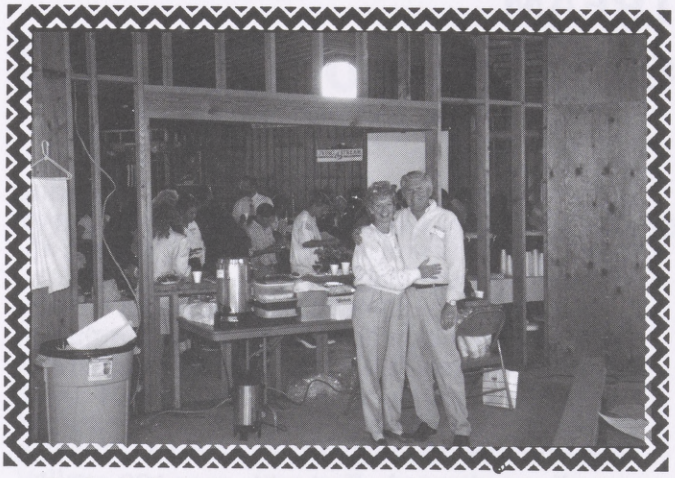
We have a beautiful church so come by and see us.

Dedication of new church April 4, 1993

Church almost finished with Dottie Hanson on the left overseeing the project, 1993

Left to right: Pastor Jerel, Superintendent Rich Rhead and Secretary Debi Wagner.

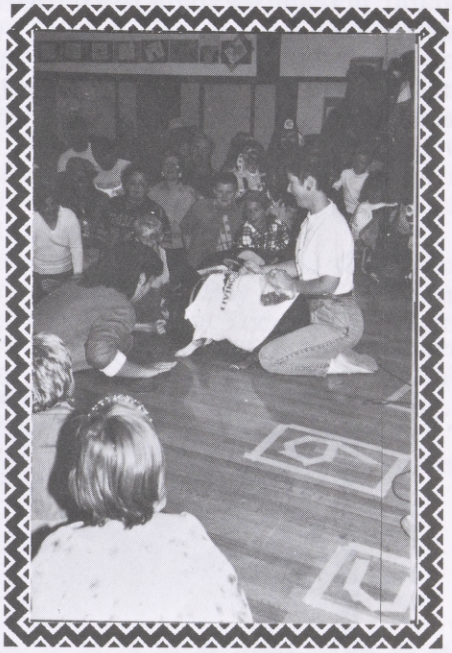
M.M.A.P.E.R.'s (Mobile Missionary Assistance Programs) in front of sign.



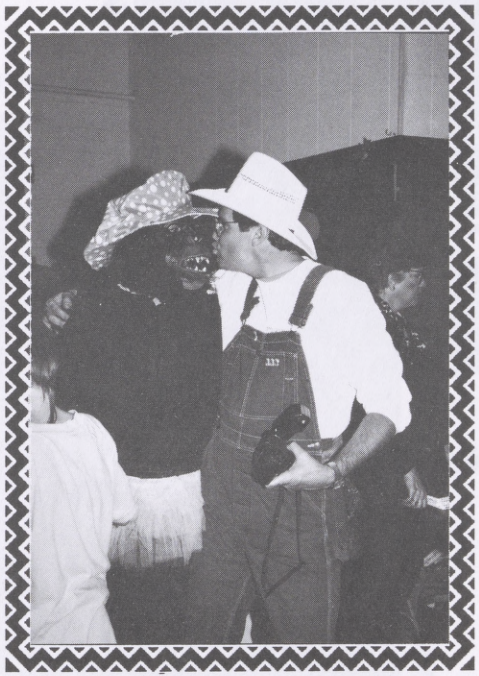
The Foyil's Barbara and Jack in charge of refreshments at the first service in the unfinished church.

MMAPER'S, and church men applying the "scratch" coat.

First service in new church April 4, 1993



Debie Wagner & Shari Geissinger waiting to kiss "Homer" the Pig!



Gorilla Bob "Del Taco" Armstrong & Pastor Jerel at the Harvest Festival and "Kiss the Pig Contest."

Pastor Jerel & Cindy Hagerman

LIVING STREAM
"Sky Valley Desert Retreat"

FLASH! Another miracle for the Living Stream Church family took place in the month of August 1993.

The Village Church of Irvine, California called our Pastor Jerel Halderman, and asked us to consider taking over the ownership and the operation of the "Sky Valley Desert Retreat and the Village Church" on Dillon Road. They were having some difficulty operating the facility because of the distance from Irvine, approximately 100 miles each way.

The complex consists of approximately 12.5 acres of land, housing for some 120 retreaters, a four bedroom home, a four bedroom and a three bedroom apartment, a two bedroom mobile home, a large swimming pool, a large jacuzzi, a modern commercial kitchen, and banquet facilities for up to 200 people. After much prayer and discussion, because it is a large undertaking, we said YES! Land and improvements are worth about one million dollars.

We are very familiar with the center as our last two pastors were trained there, and our church members have attended many retreats there as well.

Saturday, Aug. 21, 1993 was moving day for three families to the Sky Valley lcoation. We had a well coordinated effort with over 100 people, cars, trucks, and trucks and trailers moving these three families in one day. WOW!

We also plan to have a low desert branch of our Bible College, that has been operating for some time now at the Yucca Valley location, at Sky Valley as well.

Little Known Facts about Little League

George and Jackie Rauch were both Charter Members when Little League was first formed in 1960. This was natural because they had always been community supporters, especially of youth activities, ever since they had moved to Yucca Valley.

Right off there was a dilemma. There were only forty young boys eligible and Little League rules stipulated there had to be forty-eight boys for four teams in order to form a league.

Undaunted, Jackie wrote to Williamsport, PA, and requested a LL dispensation which would allow eight players, eight years old, to fill the roster of forty-eight players. League rules stated that boys had to be at least nine years of age to start. However, Jackie's letter was so effective that permission was granted.

George served as the Charter Year Umpire. Then, in 1961, Herb Hoover took over the umpiring chores and George became League Vice President and Manager of the Western Hills LL Team.

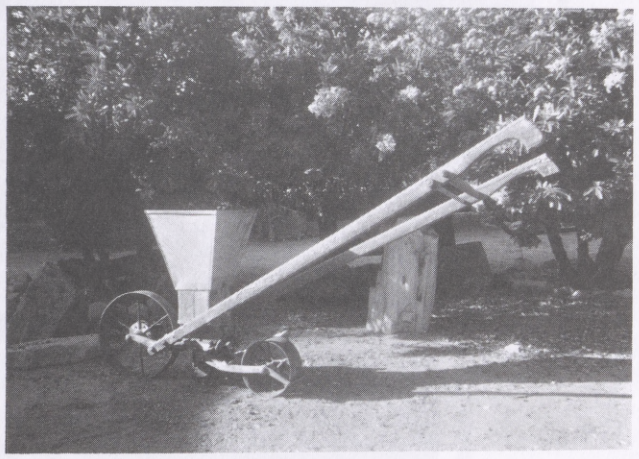
Jackie was the LL Treasurer for many years, even long after her own sons were no longer players.

In those days, boys older than twelve were no longer eligible to play regulation Little League Ball. But, what do you do when you have a bunch of boys who still love the game and want to keep on playing baseball? Well, George and Jackie didn't hesitate a minute. They organized a "wildcat" team of boys from thirteen to eighteen years of age and played in the field north of George Osborn's Market (now Napa Auto Supply). For many years, and at their own expense, they also drove the team all over to challenge similar outfits. They were welcomed every year in Lucerne Valley on the 4th of July for a game and picnic; also playing teams in Hesperia, Apple Valley, Big Bear, Palm Springs and Indio. Their first game in San Bernardino drew a standing ovation from that city's own fans at game's end because they had played such clean ball throughout.

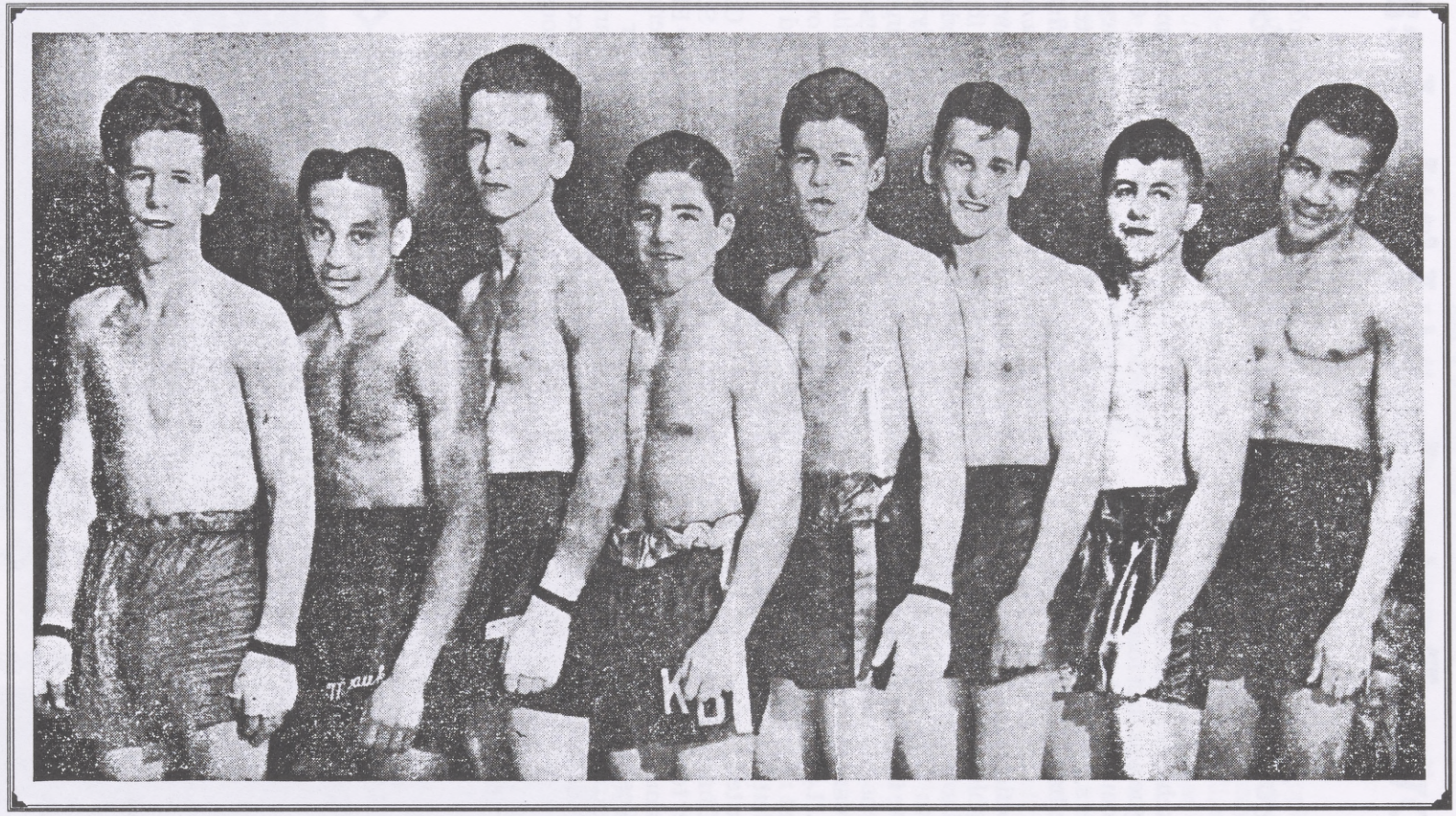
She also put in many years as a Community Leader in both the Boy and Girl Scouts and helped the teachers at Yucca Valley Elementary School. Later, she was an active member of the Yucca Valley High School Booster Club.

After all those years of obvious caring, Jackie and George were gratefully awarded a Trophy For Outstanding Service To The Booster Club.

JACKIE RAUCH



Journal's Golden Gloves Team Invades Chicago Monday



These sturdy young men who won open Division Championships in the Wisconsin Golden Gloves Tournament, will represent Wisconsin in the Tournament of Champions in Chicago, Ill. Left to right - Jimmy Richardson, 112 lbs.; Dorsey Kemp, 118 lbs.; George Rauch, West Allis, 126 lbs.; Matt Daugherty, 135 lbs.; Jimmy Pierce, 147 lbs.; Henry Pomeroy, 160 lbs.; Ernie Valenti, 175 lbs.; Larry Chapman, heavyweight.

Incorporation of Yucca Valley

by Terry Hunt

During January of 1990 a group of Yucca Valley residents met at Henry's Restaurant to discuss a common interest — the possibility of the incorporation of the community of Yucca Valley. The consensus was that incorporation would be beneficial to our community; the desire being to provide an increased level of services than was then being provided by the County of San Bernardino. The mood was not negative towards the County, but it was felt that a local municipal government would be more responsive to the community's residents and would be able to increase services.

From this meeting a committee was formed to solicit community interest towards incorporation and to study the financial feasibility of the effort. Further meetings clearly showed there was a strong interest in locally directing the future of our community and increasing services such as police protection, road maintenance, animal control and direction of development. In spite of four previous failed attempts to incorporate, the initial group perceived overall community support of incorporation at this time. The group agreed to formalize the study and, if financially feasible, proceed towards again bringing the proposition to the ballot.

The Committee for Yucca Valley was formed with Terry Hunt, chairman; Joan Burnside, co-chairman; Kindred Pederson, secretary; Bill Roth, treasurer; and an initial membership of 28. The monthly breakfast meetings continued to be held at Henry's with a broad cross-section of the community in attendance.

Review of the previous attempts disclosed a distrust of what was termed "special interest" groups pushing for incorporation rather than an emphasis on overall community benefit. This effort was a grass-roots proposal with non-participation from the banking, real estate, builder/developer and publishing industries. Needless to say, this position met with objection from these groups but community-wide cooperation prevailed and the drive towards incorpora-

Dave Richmond, Joan Burnside, Kindred Pederson, Marge Crouter, Walter Reed

tion continued as a community effort, with the single goal of incorporation. The increased level of services with a lcoally elected governing body which truly represented a cross-section of the community were also strong issues.

The task of compiling and writing the feasibility study fell on the shoulders of Kindred Pedersen and a small support committee. After many months of dealing with the various levels of government bureaucracy, the information was compiled and the study completed. Without equivocation, the study identified the financial viability, the potential for increased services, and that local direction would benefit the community. Petitions were circulated and enough signatures were obtained to cause the issue to again be voted upon.

Community meetings were held, talks given at groups and service clubs — anywhere, anytime was the philosophy to provide accurate and candid information to the voting populace. The opposition presented itself and pushed the same rhetoric as used in previous elections: special interests, increased taxation, loss of services, and the demise of fire/paramedic services.

Incorporation was placed on the ballot November 5, 1991. The results were close: a margin of 12 in favor of incorporation. Challenges were made, but the election was certified and the community became a Town on November 27, 1991.

The race for the first Town Council had 11 candidates. Elected were Kindred Pedersen, Joan Burnside, Marge Crouter, Walter Reed Sr. and Dave Richmond. All were active participants in the Committee for Yucca Valley and were representative of the Town's populace. By council vote, Kindred Pedersen received the honor of being the Town's first mayor.

Why name Yucca Valley a "Town" rather than a "City"? Simple. we are a rural community not desirous of a profusion of curbs, gutters, street lights, and other trappings of Los Angeles, Santa Ana, San Bernardino and the myriad other cities we came here to escape. The goal was to establish control of the future growth and development of "our" community and provide an increased level of services to "our" residents. "Town" denotes that attitude. A "City" we are not.

HIGH PRESSURE—When the Yucca Valley Lions Club gets underway with its annual "broom sale" with proceds going to national eye fund, the boys with an all-out community assist see to it that every lady in the queen village has a broom. Here Dorine Gerth receives the treatment from Lions and friends, from left, Lew Marshall, Earl Moffett, Dean Howell and John Ehrismann.

The Dave Williams Story

Dave Williams celebrated his 50th year as a resident of the Hi-Desert by serving as Grand Marshal in the 1993 Grubstake Days Parade.

Williams moved to Twentynine Palms in 1943 because of his asthma and after just one week, he knew he never wanted to live anywhere else. When he first moved here, he worked as a ditch digger for a plumber. Later, he founded Dave Williams Plumbing which his son, Dave Williams Jr. still maintains. At that time there were no major roads and they were not paved. There were no shopping centers and the highway was not filled with traffic. Other members of Williams family also run a variety of businesses in the community.

Dave and his wife Virginia first became involved in the community because of their children who were going to school. Williams believes that in his life, the biggest reward was raising a family. "When my kids were little we never had babysitters, we had picnics, parties and dinners." Williams said, "You wouldn't believe the fun we had." The kids all grew up in the water. His daughter, Jan, almost made it to the Olympics. Williams still swims 50 laps each day in his pool. "And there's my famous sister, Esther Williams who was seen in many motion pictures."

He and Virginia celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary four years ago and renewed their wedding vows in a ceremony with their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren as their attendants. What precious and lasting memories Dave Williams and his family have experienced here in the High Desert.

Mrs. Williams owns the Custom Travel Service.

That's My Flag

by Martin Bolha

In every corner of this great world you will find a flag. I have one too. It has colors of red, white and blue. Let it be known as either "Stars and Stripes" or "Old Glory" to you.

Many stories have been told how it all began, some old, some new, yet few are true. History has records of things we accept. The false ones we want to enjoy but not forget. Myth, fact and tradition seems to be the key as to how my flag became to be.

Long ago and even then a make shift flag flew high. For better or worse it did lead the way.

Then came that Flag Resolution Day, It had this to say, "Thirteen stripes would alternate red and blue. A union of thirteen white stars to adorn the shield of blue. "Now we had something to follow, so now our flag was put to work for me and you.

In the year 1778 my flag went to sea. Stars and Stripes was ready for the world to see. Now as she sails the ocean blue, it brings respect to me and you.

My flag then joined the Army in the year 1778. All she asked then and all she asks now is simply, "Follow me."

As more years passed many new stars took their place in the Union's shield of blue. These added stars meant more states had joined the ranks. This is how the strength of America and my flag grew and grew.

My flag led many a battle along the way. Now tattered and torn she was given a song. Thank you Frances Scott Key, "The Star Spangled Banner", we will sing over and over with pride and glee.

Finally and at long last, Old Glory, has found a home. Here the red, white and blue will forever adorn that most respected throne of all, high above our capital dome. Stars and Stripes is there to stay and no one will ever dare to take her down or away. Our American way is pledged to that. That's my flag.

Immigrants will come and go, but Old Glory, we promise you, will meet each one at the front door.

From the beginning and until now, on land, in the air and on the sea, my flag represented you and me. Good Old Glory, is always there fluttering and flapping for the world to see.

No matter how big or little the conflicts may be, those Stars and Stripes, gives us the American way to victory.

There has been a long row to hoe since the battle of "Bull Run" or how the West was won. From here on the big wars and battles took their turns and began.

It seems like forever since World War I. This was the war to keep me free.

Now and again there was more. World War II, was meant to be. It was the biggest including everyone, even me.

That forgotten war in Korea, has too, long ago passed. Let's not ever forget that un-needed Vietnam, where so many (Good) young lives were lost.

During this and times to come, Stars and Stripes, never dipped or lowered to anyone. Oh Yes! for you and me.

During these terrible wars the Space Age came to be. Reaching for the stars was what the ultimate goal would be With this in mind we had to know what lies in the forever sky and beyond.

The impossible dream to explore the unknown did come to pass. After blasting off in 1969, old Glory zoomed through space to accomplish the greatest feat of all and landed on the moon.

Now and then, Old Glory, becomes faded and worn. Then with dignity we put her to rest with our very best.

To serve it, respect it and give your life for it, that is the motto. It is the only way today, tomorrow and everyday.

What will happen to my flag in centuries to come? I don't know so I can't say. What will happen down that unpredictable road only history and records will tell, but if I can come back, I'll bet you that, my flag will still be there.

So now on every June 14th is Flag Day, in this USA for Old Glory, this is her day.

Why don't we stand before this great flag and give recognition to it on this day? Salute it and proudly pledge allegiance to it in your own way. I do, "Why don't you?"

I served this great flag in time of need, after all, "That's My Flag."

copyright 1990

Hi-Desert Water District

Office Hours: 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday, except holidays.
Address: 6955 Old Woman Springs Road, Yucca Valley, California 92284.
Tel: (619) 365-8333, Fax: (619) 365-0599.

The Hi-Desert Water District was formed in 1962. Its service area encompasses over 50 square miles and services over 9,600 units. The district is governed by a five member board of directors elected by the people. The board meets the first and the third Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p.m. in the district's board room. The current board is comprised of Roger Duran, president; Carl Dalton, vice president; Howard Laverty, Patsy Skidmore and Stanley Zarakov. The district's operations are administered by the general manager, supported by staff members.

The district is responsible for supplying water to customers within the Town of Yucca Valley and portions of the un-incorporated area. The primary water source has been the overdrafted Warren Valley Basin, until recently with the district's purchase of supplemental water and the participation in the Morongo Basin Pipeline destined to bring State Project water from the California Aqueduct in mid 1994. Meanwhile, with the continuing overdraft of the basin, the district continues to implement a variety of conservation measures ranging from the retrofitting of new and existing homes to permissible watering hours and a variety of water use prohibitions.

Directors: (left to right) Carl Dalton, Patsy Skidmore, Roger Duran, Howard Laverty. Stanley Zarakov

First Well

Days Gone By

Yucca Valley GRAPHIC-NEWS

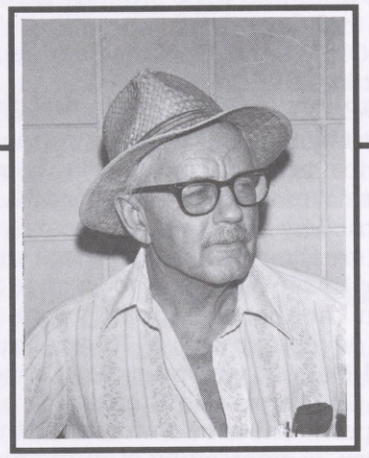
PUBLISHED IN YUCCA VALLEY, CALIF. — BOX 86
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER — KENN WITTING

ERNIE C. PETERS . . . . . STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
KIRK MARTIN . . . . . STAFF ARTIST

High Desert PICTORIAL

PUBLISHED IN YUCCA VALLEY, CALIF.

KEN WITTING . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
ERNIE C. PETERS . . . STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
CAROL BURGESS . . BUSINESS MANAGER
ROY BROWN . . ADVERTISING & PUBLICITY



Ken Witting

This Half is Your Receipt	Service For	Amount	Total

We will pick up Garbage, Tin Cans, Bottles, Ashes, Papers that are bundled and tied, Flower Cuttings and Limbs not exceeding four feet in length. All Refuse MUST be in containers not exceeding 60 lbs. No 50 gal. drums as Containers. No Sand or Rocks.

We Pick Up Morongo Valley, Yucca Valley, Paradise Valley, Joshua Tree, Panorama Heights, and Five Acre Tracts.

Joan Wilson
May 1959 $1.00
June 1959 2.00
Total $3.00
Pd Howell

PLEASE PAY BY THE 10th

HI-DESERT DISPOSAL CO.
P. O. Box 551 Yucca Valley, Calif.

William Dean Howell

"We Sell Service"
Thrifty Green Stamps
"Your Home Improvement Center"
Yucca Valley LUMBER Co.
P.O. BOX 8 • YUCCA VALLEY, California
Phone FOrest 5-2336
Open Daily — 8 A.M. To 5 P.M.

Worthy of Remembrance

In years past, if the residents of the Hi-Desert were asked to define the words "good friend and neighbor" most of them would have answered "Roy Roush or Iva Huneycutt." For these two now deceased gentlemen were really good friends and neighbors to many people through the years.

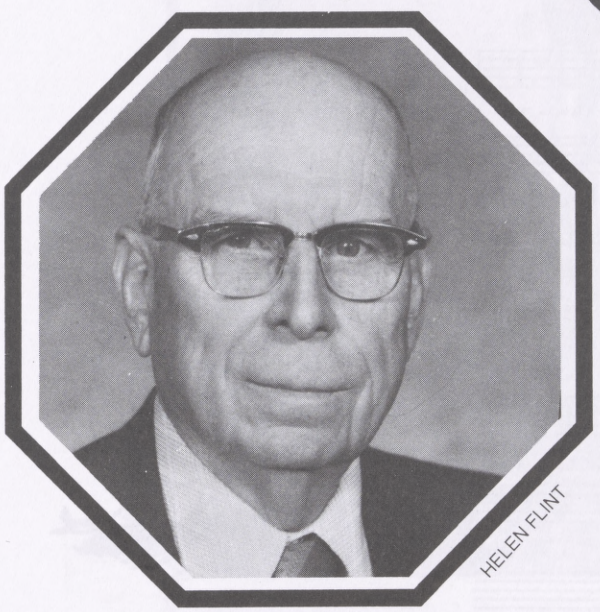
If someone needed to pay back rent, were about to lose his car or truck, need groceries, clothes, or had to go to the doctor, one or the other would always come up with the needed funds immediately, no questions asked.

They were and still are remembered in many prayers.

JOAN WILSON

Roy Roush

Iva Honeycutt

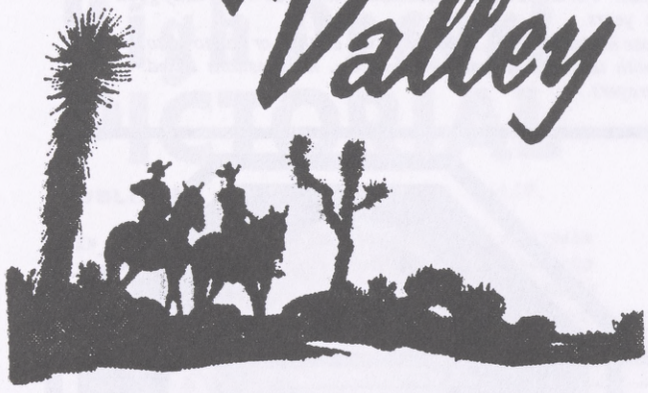


HELEN FLINT

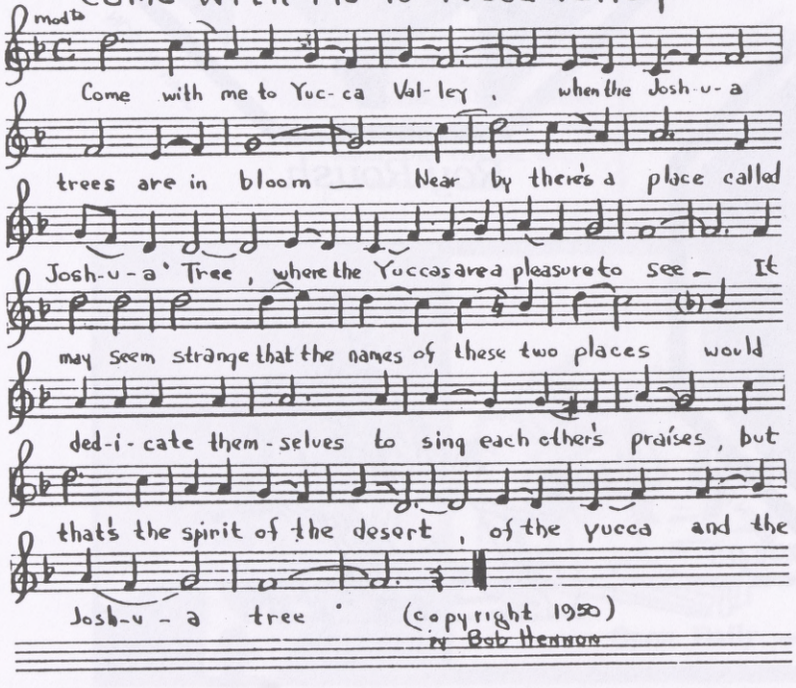
Play It Again

Heavily wooded
view lots
in the Heart of . .

Yucca Valley



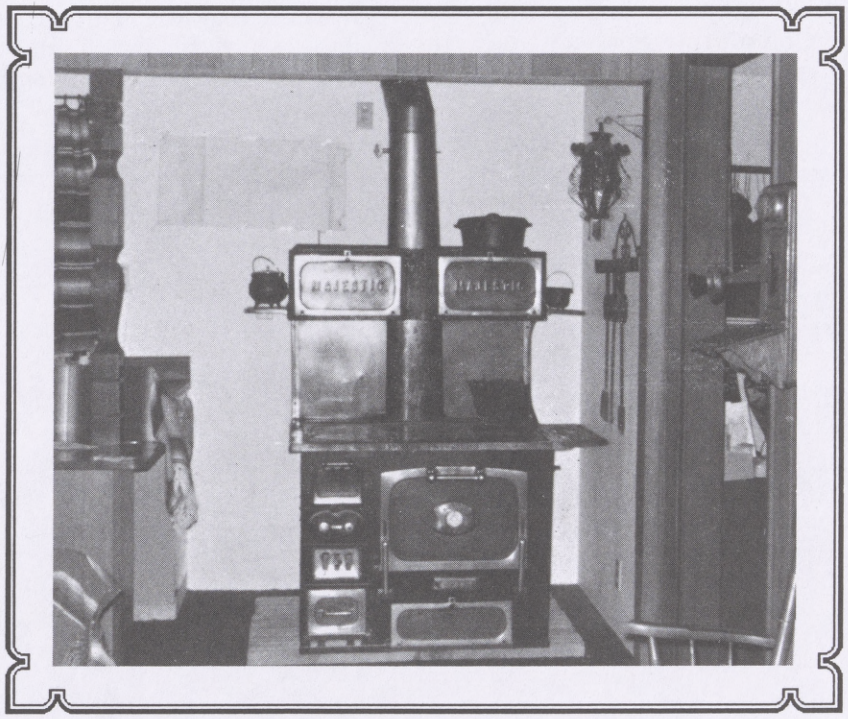
Come With Me To Yucca Valley


mod to
Come with me to Yuc-ca Val-ley , when the Josh-u-a
trees are in bloom — Near by there's a place called
Josh-u-a' Tree , where the Yuccas are a pleasure to see — It
may seem strange that the names of these two places would
ded-i-cate them-selves to sing each other's praises , but
that's the spirit of the desert , of the yucca and the
Josh-u-a tree .
(copyright 1950)
by Bob Hennon

1993- The Hardestys celebrated their 50th anniversary in business here in Yucca Valley.

Big Ed and Hilda Hardesty
Founders

Ed and Iva Hardesty
Owners



Gordon and Corky McAllen
Majestic 1902 cookstove, two warming ovens above.
Remember how good it smelled in the house?

Desert Christ Park

It started as an idea, which might not have been taken seriously. After Landers-Big Bear earthquake had hit the Yucca Valley community news traveled fast and so did the big media networks. The quake rattled with a 7.6 Richter jolt at dawn June 28th and by 6 p.m. that evening, the event was being broadcast throughout the news media's worldwide outlets.

During the next few months while putting the museum back into order, Linda Spurgeon, the second Curator and Joseph Meadway, then Parliamentarian of the Hi-Desert Nature Museum Association Inc. discussed the depreciating site of the Antone Memorial Park. This was in October of 1992. It was decided that the remaining statues had a value to the people of the Morongo Basin as valuable artifacts. Meadway then brought the subject to the attention of Orv Hunter, the Association's President. Hunter and Meadway (November 1992) approached Jim Schooler, Director of Community Services and asked if the property could be purchased. Schooler told Hunter and Meadway it was possible and welcome. Schooler said there were other factions interested in the property. As a matter of fact, the town of Yucca Valley was obligated by court order to divest itself of the property, by January 1993. The court order was to effect the "separation of church and state." Because to some, the statues were thought to be replicas of religious art. The Save Our Park committee, an organization of local citizens, had spent literally thousands of dollars fighting court battles, and the ACLU from closing the park. (Bill Agnew should be consulted for this phase, he has the names of the organizations leaders and their part).

Many citizens wanted the town's churches to ban together for the purpose of saving the park. However, there might have been too many problems to coordinate with so many congregations working together. The Association now had the leadership, the capital and the blessing to take the park back for the people of the Morongo Basin.

The large statue and the black angel, arriving from Los Angeles, being weighed at the scales near Banning

Joseph Meadway and Orville Hunter

DOWN TO THE WIRE

With no time to delay, the Association held its January 1993 meeting on January 9th and voted to purchase the Park if possible. A letter of intent was drafted by the Association to the Town and an offer was made. The association was the successful purchaser. By the February meeting of the Association, it was voted to revert to the old name of the park. The park again, is called the Desert Christ Park.

Behind the scenes, so to speak, many organizations were rooting for the Association. Letters came from organizations, regardless of religious

Martin Bolha

My friend Antone Martin

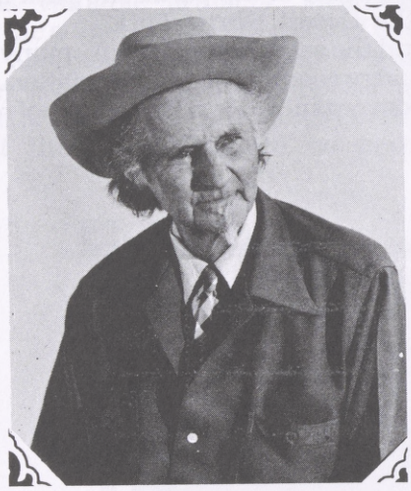
I bought him many beers when he worked on his project, Christ Park.

affiliations to get the Association to secure the park.

The plans of the Association are going ahead as this is being written to do several things. Among the list are: restore the statues, provide facilities, insure, secure and promote one of the Town's most valuable tourist attractions. (See letters and Deed attached)

One of the members of the Association, Mara Cantelo, is now the active chairperson who will organize volunteers to refurbish and maintain the Desert Christ Park. Since hearing the news that the park is to be rejuvenated, visitors are coming to see the grounds. The day Association President Joseph Meadway was negotiating with the earth moving people, a Canadian family came to the park to see the renown statues. Meadway obliged by showing the visitors through the park. Upon leaving, the visitors made a cash donation to the Association!

Statue of Jesus in Desert Christ Park



Frank Antone Martin

February 26, 1993

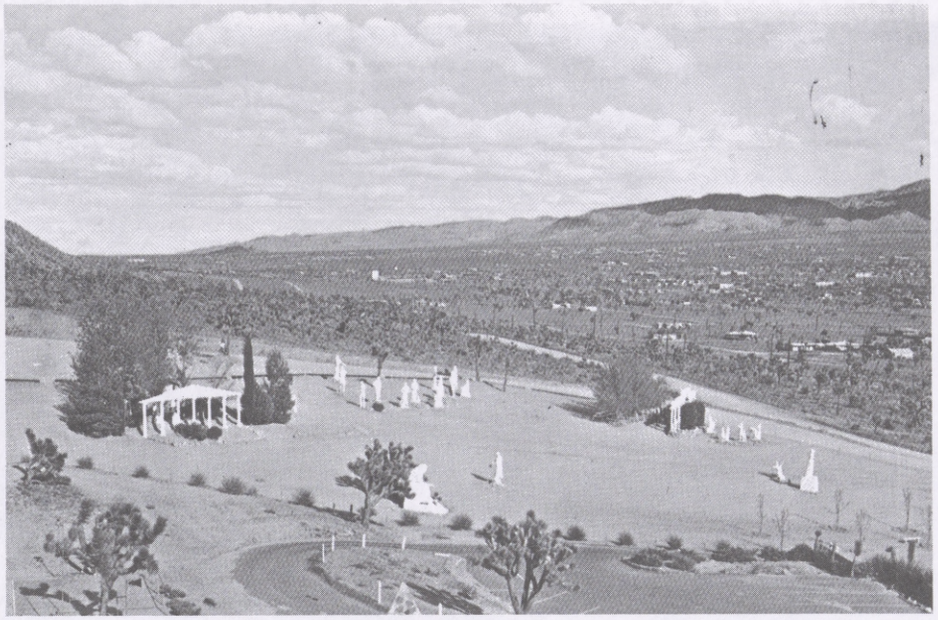
Joseph Meadway, President, Hi-Desert Nature Museum Association Inc. 60345 Onaga Trail, Joshua Tree, California 92252

RE: Antone Martin Memorial Park

Dear Mr. Meadway:

Enclosed please find copies of the recorded quitclaim deeds from the Yucca Valley Recreation and Park District and the County of San Bernardino.

Very truly yours,
SINGER & SILVERGLEID, INC.
Glenn R. Salter



CHRISTIAN BUSINESS MEN'S
COMMITTEE OF THE MORONGO BASIN
55865 El Dorado Drive
Yucca Valley, California 92284

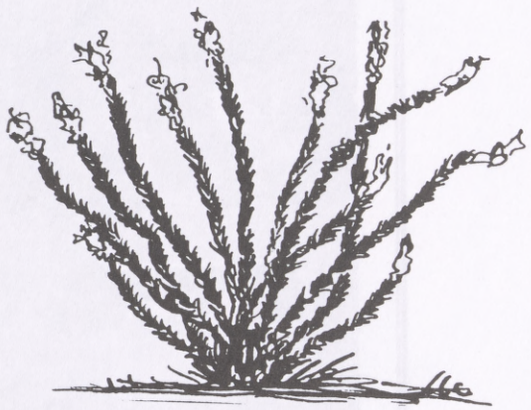
Mr. Joseph Meadway
President, Hi-Desert Nature
Museum Association
57117 Twentynine Palms Highway
Yucca Valley, California 92284

Dear Mr. Meadway,

The members of CBMC are grateful to the Hi-Desert Nature Museum for taking over the ownership and operation of The Desert Christ Park. If we can be of any help in this endeavor, please let us know.

Better yet, be our guest at breakfast and tell us what your plans are for the park.

Sincerely,
Herb Johnson
Chairman



1955 Easter Morning

View from the park

BILL HANSON

Remembrances Past

San Bernardino County Sheriff's
Reserve Training Academy

Certificate of Training

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

ROBERT J. NORDYKE

Has Satisfactorily Completed the Course of

BASIC LAW ENFORCEMENT

From June 2, 1966 *To* July 21, 1966

Conducted By The San Bernardino County Sheriff's Department

L J Liess
Director Plans-Training

Frank Bland
Sheriff

Bob Nordyke

Boys and Girls Club of the Hi-Desert

by Karen Riley, Executive Director

With the first Boys & Girls Club "member" elected to serve as President of the United States, 1993 kicked off an inaugural year for the Boys & Girls Club. It also marked the 10th anniversary of the Boys & Girls Club of the Hi-Desert. After serving more than 5,000 young people throughout the Morongo Basin at the club facilities in Yucca Valley and Twentynine Palms, the Boys & Girls Club is already embarking on plans for the next decade.

Expanded programs and activities addressing the issues and special needs of youth are part of that 10-year plan. Issues like delinquency and substance abuse prevention and teen self-esteem are all just a part of the Boys & Girls Club program agenda that result in enhancing the quality of life for youth in the Hi-Desert.

Through aggressive and determined marketing and fundraising, the 1993-94 Board of Directors is committed to providing for community youth well into the future and looking forward to the year 2003 when the Boys & Girls Club will celebrate its 20th year of service in the Hi-Desert.

The Positive Place for Kids.

Please give to the Boys & Girls Club.
The one "gang" worth joining.

BOYS & GIRLS CLUB

Quips, Quotes & Queries

The All New Throw Your Weight Around Diet And Exercise Plan

If you are worried about not getting all the exercise you need because you're not jogging, swimming or playing tennis, worry no more.

A recent study reveals that many activities, despite their sedentary nature, burn up calories. The following chart shows the number of calories burned per hour for each of these activities.

Beating around the bush	75
Jumping to conclusions	100
Climbing the walls	150
Swallowing your pride	50
Passing the buck	25
Throwing your weight around (depending on your weight	50-300
Dragging your heels	100
Pushing your luck	250
Making mountains out of molehills	500
Adding fuel to the fire	150
Hitting the nail on the head	50
Wading through paperwork	300
Bending over backward	75
Jumping on the bandwagon	200
Running around in circles	350
Eating crow	225
Tooting your own horn	25
Climbing the ladder of success	750
Pulling out all stops	75
Wrapping it up at day's end	12

Little Leaguers

Commemorative of Facts

Aug. 1960 Schoenleber named director of Park, Recreation District

Robert Schoenleber, well known Yucca Valley subdivider, was recently appointed by action of San Bernardino County board of supervisors as a director of the Yucca Valley Park and Recreation District.

2-YEAR-OLD GIRL SAVED FROM 40-POUND WILDCAT

GREATER MORONGO BASIN

The Sun

Animal shot in yard of Yucca Valley building August 13, 1955

GREATER MORONGO BASIN—Clay Tunstall and John Arch of Yucca Valley experienced a harrowing few minutes with a 40-pound wildcat late Tuesday evening in the yard of George's Skyroom, off the Victorville Rd.

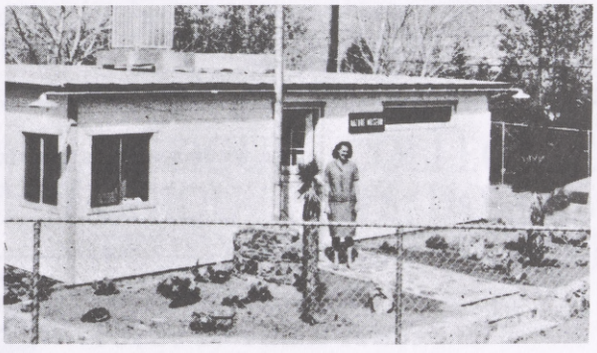
It all started when they stopped for a soft drink and saw the wildcat standing within 50 feet of the 2-year-old baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Belfield, owners of the Skyroom. The cat was so huge that Tunstall asked Arch to go in the house and ask Mrs. Belfield if they had a huge pet cat. Mrs. Belfield replied by screaming, "My baby — my baby."

Tunstall called for a gun and finally another 7-year-old daughter found a gun and five bullets. Tunstall says he made three direct hits that caused the wildcat to tumble head over heels, but he did not kill the animal.

Hi-Desert Nature Museum

1981— After a 16-year wait, the Yucca Valley Rotary Club last week erected a sign on State Route 62 indicating the location of the Hi-Desert Nature Museum. Evelyn Conklin, the museum director, said that for the past 16 years the museum board of directors has attempted to get a sign, and finally with the help of the Yucca Valley Rotary Club, this goal was accomplished. The sign was dedicated Friday by, from left, Robert McCloud, Rotary Club Member, Walter Jahnke, president-elect of the museum's board of directors, Conklin, Irl Greer, president of the Yucca Valley Rotary Club and Lyn Zanella, chairman of the club's ways and means committee. (Photo by Tom Wright)

"Where it all started."



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Glenn R. Salter

Signature of Declarant or Agent determining tax - Firm Name

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QUITCLAIM DEED

FOR A VALUABLE CONSIDERATION, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged,

YUCCA VALLEY RECREATION AND PARK DISTRICT, a recreation and park district under the supervising authority of the Town of Yucca Valley who acquired title under the name of the Yucca Valley Park and Recreation District

does hereby REMISE, RELEASE AND FOREVER QUITCLAIM to

HI-DESERT NATURE MUSEUM ASSOCIATION INC., a California nonprofit corporation

the real property in the ~~City~~ Town of Yucca Valley
County of San Bernardino State of California, described as

All that portion of the West half, of the Southwest quarter of the Southwest quarter, of the Northwest quarter of Section 35, Township 1 North, Range 5 East, SAN BERNARDINO MERIDIAN, in the County of San Bernardino, State of California, according to Government Survey, lying North of the following described line:

BEGINNING at the West quarter-corner of said Section 35; thence North 0°15'07" West, along the West line of said Section 35, a distance of 47.35 feet to the beginning of a non-tangent curve concave to the Northwest having a radius of 120.00 feet, a radial line from said beginning of curve bearing North 31°05'34" West; thence Northeasterly along said curve a distance of 29.34 feet through an angle of 14°00'27"; thence North 44°53'59" East a distance of 184.28 feet to the beginning of a tangent curve concave to South having a radius of 180.00 feet; thence Easterly along said curve a distance of 142.40 feet through an angle of 45°19'40" thence South 89°46'21" East a distance of 49.05 feet to an intersection with the East line of said West half.

Yucca Valley Recreation And Park District

Dated February 5, 1993

Chairman

M. Margaret Schreiber

Secretary

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)ss
COUNTY OF _____)

On _____ before me,

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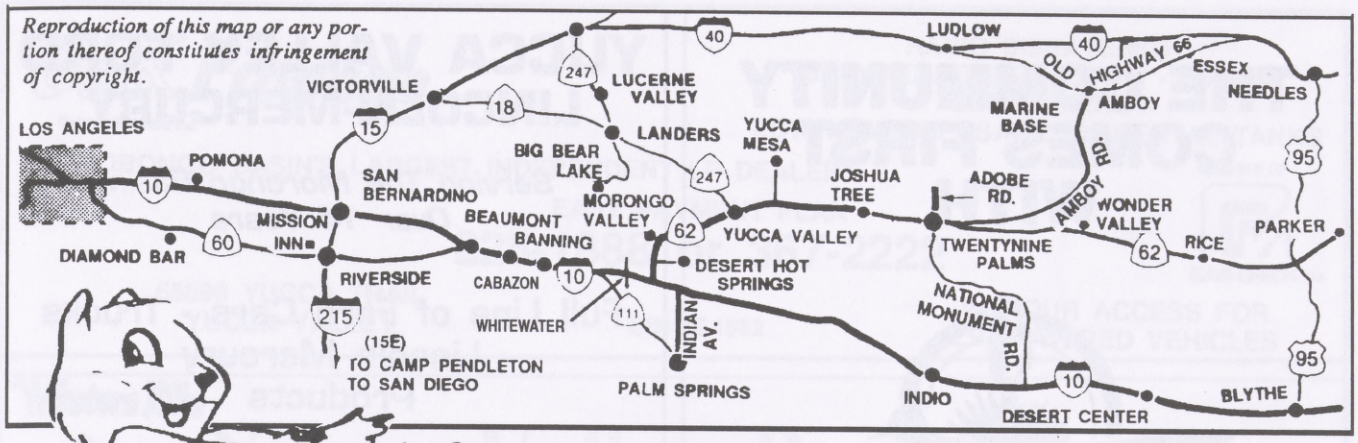
WITNESS my hand and official seal.

Signature _____

(This area for official notarial seal)

MAIL TAX STATEMENTS AS DIRECTED ABOVE

1085 (1/91)



A Note of Thanks from Joan Wilson

Many thanks to Pat Helm, Orville Hunter and Bill Hanson for all their help and for always being there (their wives, too) when I need them most.

Jerry Wright who always understands my problems and gives help.

Thank you, Doni, the people in your department, and Heather Armstrong.

Special thanks go to Helen Lewis for loaning me the family photos, grandparents Dr. and Mrs. Smith and other photos.

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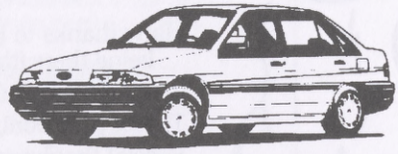

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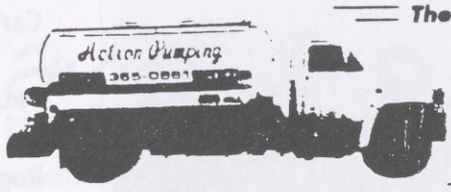

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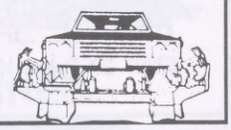

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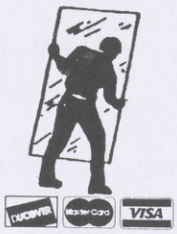

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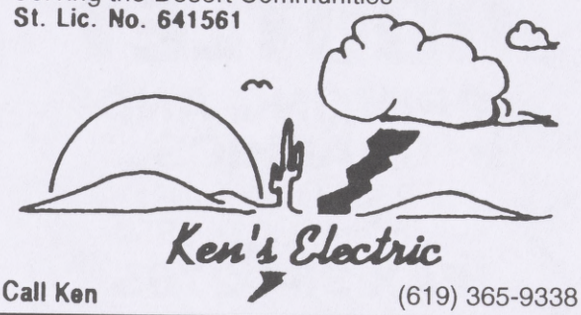

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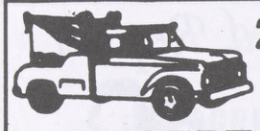
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